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WITH ALMOST SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH NELL DRAGGED ME DOWN THE STAIRS, THROUGH THE DENSE SMOKE AND HISsing FLAMES, INTO THE STREET.

Orphan Nell, the Orange-Girl; OR, THE LOST HEIR OF THE LIVINGSTONES. A ROMANCE OF CITY LIFE. BY AGILE PENNE.

CHAPTER V.

WHO WON THE STAKES?

My preserver was Nell, the Orange Girl. With almost superhuman strength she dragged me down the stairs, through the dense smoke and hissing flames, into the street. Some friendly hand dashed a pitcher of water into my face and brought me to myself again.

On the opposite sidewalk I stood with Nell, and gazed upon my former home, now being fast enfolded in the warm embraces of the Fire King.

The house was old, and burnt like tinder. The street was filled by a motley crowd attracted by the fire. The engines came dashing up, but their efforts were fruitless; and in a short time nothing remained of my old rooms but a heap of smoking ashes.

MacCarthy had found a grave where he had lived. It was now near eleven. The crowd still lingered about the ruins. Those who composed the throng were night-birds all the denizens of the worst and poorest ward in all the great city of New York.

I now had become quite sober. I determined to go to one of the cheap hotels and take a bed for the rest of the night, and have the murderer arrested the first thing in the morning.

I parted with Nell, and told her that I would meet her at the Tombs at ten o'clock the following morning. And as I parted with her, in the dim entry-way of the tenement-house, I again held her in my arms and again kissed her sweet lips.

I went to the Frankfort House and paid for a bed for the night.

Once in my room, I bethought myself that I had placed MacCarthy's accusation carelessly in the breast-pocket of my coat; that paper of so much value; that paper that held a human life within its folds. I resolved to place it in my wallet, as being a much safer place.

I put my hand in my pocket; the paper was gone! I had lost it!

This was a terrible blow! I searched every pocket. Useless labor; it was gone! Then I racked my brains to try and discover where I had lost it. It must have passed from my possession during the time when I was almost suffocated by the smoke. I had an indistinct remembrance that in my madness I had taken it from my pocket and then—what had I done with it? Possibly, when I fell fainting into the arms of Nell, I might have dropped it; if so, it was, of course, destroyed by the flames that consumed the house. The strong proof, then, upon which I relied to convict Richard Livingstone, was gone. True, I could swear to the murder, and produce Nell as a witness that Livingstone had been in the house. But, as I carefully studied it over in my mind, I became conscious that my case was weak. The strong point was the dying declaration of MacCarthy, and that was lost, perhaps destroyed in the burning house.

What, then, was to be done? Livingstone had money on his side to back him, and money is a terrible power in this world to fight against.

Could I prove him guilty of the murder

of MacCarthy, to the minds of a jury, by the evidence of Nell and myself? I confess there was a doubt.

I resolved to go to bed; in the morning my head would be clearer; then I would think the matter over calmly and decide what to do.

I went to bed.

Morning came at last. My rest all night had been broken by fearful dreams. MacCarthy had appeared to me calling aloud for vengeance, followed by the child, or rather woman, that I had been in search of—Salome, who seemed to have the face of Nell, the Orange Girl. With tears in her eyes, she cried to me to search for and give her the inheritance that had been left to her by old Anson Livingstone. Then appeared the face of Richard Livingstone, proud in his beauty, haughty in his pride; the face mocked me; a jeering smile was upon his lips; words rung in my ears, seemingly from him:

"I am your fate and will crush you!"

Of course I was not sorry when I awoke. I thought over the situation. I counted the cost of an attack upon Livingstone. It was not to be thought of for a moment—should it fail, he would triumph. No, I must imitate the panther, recoil for a time to make my spring more certain.

I would see Livingstone. He, of course, would read of the destruction of my late dwelling-place in the morning paper—would think me dead. My sudden and unexpected appearance would perhaps throw him off his guard; he might be induced to compromise; to pay me a sum of money to keep quiet; that very money I would use to aid in putting the hangman's noose around his neck. That would be vengeance with a vengeance! Could I but succeed, it would be a sweet consolation for all the past.

I got breakfast at one of the cheap eating-houses on Chatham street, and then took a car up-town.

Arriving at Livingstone's house, I rung at the door, and when the servant opened it I walked in at once.

"Is Mr. Livingstone in the library or in his own room?" I said, with an off-hand manner, as though I had come by appointment.

"In his own room, sir," answered the servant, to whom I was no stranger, as he had let me in on my previous visits.

"All right," I said, as I walked past him and ascended the stairs.

I reached the door of Livingstone's room, turned the doorknob and entered.

Livingstone was sitting at a table at the further end of the room. He started in amazement at my entrance, and his face grew white as he looked upon mine.

"Alive!" he gasped.

"Yes," said I, with a courtly bow.

"Not dead?"

"Not to my knowledge."

He bit his lip nervously. I had him at a disadvantage. I saw this and I enjoyed the triumph.

"I saw the details of the burning of your house in the paper; and, as you were drunk when I left you, I thought perhaps that—" he paused in his not-over-lucid explanation.

"That perhaps your intentions had been carried out and that I had been burnt to death," said I, with a sneer.

"What are you saying?" he cried, nervously.

"Exactly what I mean," I answered, sternly. "You came to my house last night with the intention of getting me drunk and then of robbing me."

"You are drunk now, to say this!" he exclaimed, his face growing, if possible, still whiter than it had been before.

"Am I?" cried I, fiercely, advancing toward him. "Look in my face and see if I am drunk."

He shook like an aspen-leaf at my approach.

"Richard Livingstone, you carried out your intention last night; you did get me drunk, and then you robbed me of two papers."

"You have been dreaming!" came in quick accents from his pale lips.

"No, I have not been dreaming. Shall I convince you that I speak the truth? You thought I was drunk last night; you were right, I was drunk. You thought that my senses were all benumbed by the potent liquor, but you were wrong. I could not move; I could not speak; but I could see, and I could understand."

He started; his lips twitched nervously; the iron hand of fright was upon him.

"I do not understand the object of your visit here," he spoke quickly, as though he would willingly have seen me depart.

"Oh! don't you?" I asked, with a sneer. "In a very few words then I will explain. I want some money."

"Money!" he shouted. "For what should I pay you money?"

"For what?" I laughed bitterly at the idea. I could afford to laugh now, for the power was in my hands. "Did I not just tell you that when I was drunk last night you took advantage of my condition and robbed me of two valuable papers? Those papers I intended to sell you, and I had determined to ask you, at the least, twenty thousand dollars for them."

"Twenty thousand dollars!" he cried, and a purple spot, which showed rising anger, appeared in his cheek.

"Just so; twenty thousand dollars was the sum I intended to ask," I said, coolly.

"You are moderate in your demands!" He was beginning to show fight; so I determined that, in a very few minutes, I would put the "screws" on him and force him to a compliance with my demand.

"Yes; I was always a moderate man," I replied.

"You expect that I will pay you this money?"

"Certainly I do!"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," he said, angrily.

"You will do nothing else."

"Indeed!" came in a sneer from his lips.

"Yes, for I will force you to do it."

"May I ask how you intend to set about that little operation?" For the first time during our interview, a slight smile appeared upon his face.

"In a few words I will explain!" I spoke coolly. I felt a ferocious pleasure in

knowing that this haughty villain was in my power. I settled myself down comfortably in a cushioned arm-chair, that stood near at hand, and then proceeded with my attack, Livingstone watching me the while with curious eyes.

"Richard Livingstone, were you ever arrested for murder?" He started at my question; the smile faded from his lips, and again he became deadly pale; the shot had struck home.

"Why do you ask such a question?" he stammered.

"Oh, merely for curiosity. What a sensation it would make in the fashionable world if it should wake up some fine morning and find in the newspaper the announcement that Richard Livingstone, of Fifth avenue, New York, the wealthy 'blood'—the living gold mine—had been arrested for murder. Why, it would create a ten days' sensation, and that's a long time for this city to remember anything."

"Do you dare to assert that I can be accused of any such crime?" Though his face was deadly pale, still an ominous light burned in his eyes; that light said danger as plainly as words could speak. But what cared I? I was sober now, not drunk, and I would have given something for an excuse to take this villain by the throat and with my own hands avenge poor MacCarthy's death. With difficulty I kept down the rising devil within me, and answered him, coolly:

"Richard Livingstone, I accuse you of the murder of Patrick MacCarthy last night at my house in Mulberry street!"

He started as though I had struck him in the face.

"You have no proof!" he cried, hoarsely.

"I have; I saw you strike the blow!"

"Last night you were drunk!"

"But I could see!" I retorted.

"My word is as good as yours. Who will believe you?"

"Do you wish me to try and find out who will believe me?" I cried, with a sneer.

"Ah!" A sudden thought seemed to strike him. "Am I to understand, then, that you will not move in this matter unless I force you to do so?" He asked the question with some anxiety.

"It is possible that my words might be construed to mean something of that sort."

"Ah! then there is something which will induce you to forget any thing that you may have seen?"

"Yes."

"And that something is money?"

"Quite right," I answered.

"How much?"

"The same sum I asked for the papers—twenty thousand."

"Twenty thousand dollars?"

"Yes; you see, you might as well have paid me in the first place and saved yourself some trouble and your soul a crime."

"You have not forgotten your college logic, I see." He was actually sneering at me. Well, I suppose he thought that he was out of danger now, and that he could indulge his mood.

Livingstone touched a silver bell on the table.

"Excuse me a moment," he said, when the servant appeared in answer to the call.

Then he went to the door, spoke to the servant in a low tone; apparently gave him some orders; the servant withdrew and Livingstone returned to me. A thought occurred to me.

"He's sent him for some wine; he wants to try last night's 'little game' over again; but it won't work now."

Livingstone resumed the conversation.

"Do you know that this proof that you have against me is very weak? In fact, only your word? and between you and I, Alex, your word is not worth a great deal now."

"What you say is very true," I answered; "but, I have something more than my evidence."

"Ah! you have?" he said, quickly; "and what is it? deal frankly with me; I confess I am wholly in your power."

I did not like this speech. I should have liked a bold defiance a great deal better. When a man of iron, clear-headed, hard-hearted, and totally unscrupulous—in short, a man of the Livingstone stamp—confesses that he is beaten, look out for him; his weakness is even more dangerous than his strength, for it conceals a hidden power—a power born of desperation. The danger that we can see and understand we can guard against; but, against an unknown evil we are powerless. So it was now. In my heart I felt convinced that Richard Livingstone meditated some desperate stroke; but where it would fall, and what its nature would be, I could not guess. I hesitated to answer his question. I thought for a moment; the more proof I could show against him, the stronger my hold would be upon him; so, at last I spoke.

"You were seen coming from the house, by a person who observed you closely and can identify you if necessary."

"Ah!" and then he pulled the ends of his long silken mustache with a thoughtful air. After a moment's pause, he resumed his speech. "And this person will either speak or be silent at your bidding?"

"Yes."

"Indeed, a convenient friend in a case like this." Another sneer; more danger ahead. Like the mariner on an unknown Southern sea, I could not tell where beneath the smooth surface of the tide, lurked the reef 'twas certain death to touch; my only course was straight on ward.

"Do you know, Alex, that I've been a fool?"

"How?" I asked.

"Why in this; that a year ago when I refused you the hand of my sister and you commenced the downward course that has

made you a drunkard and a vagabond, that I did not foresee my refusal to let you have my sister, would rankle in your breast and turn you from a friend into an enemy—that I did not take measures—which I could have done then—to place you utterly in my power and crush you like a reptile beneath my feet if you should ever dare to turn against me."

The blow was coming. I felt it in my heart—but how? As yet he spoke in riddles.

"How could you have done this?" I asked.

"Oh! it was simple enough. You are aware that in settling up both my father's estates and your father's, a great many checks signed by me, passed through your hands and were cashed by you; so that my signature was perfectly familiar to you, and your face and indorsement perfectly familiar to my bankers."

"Yes, that is true; but I do not see how you could have got me in your power through these simple circumstances," I said.

"Wait!" he answered, the devilish smile curling his lips and shining in his eyes; "after you had commenced to dissipate, and began to run short of money, you frequently came to me to advance you sums, which I always did and always in checks, not cash. One day, I remember it well, it was the 10th of September, you came to me, flushed with liquor, hardly knowing what you were doing, and requested a loan of twenty-five dollars. I being in a generous mood, or for some purpose of my own, drew you a check for a hundred dollars instead of twenty-five; you remember the circumstance?"

"Yes," I answered, unable to comprehend his object.

"How easy it would have been for me, in signing my name to that check, to have written my signature a little different from my usual way of signing my name, so that, on careful examination, it would look like a skillful forgery."

I started with horror.

"Do you comprehend? You were too drunk to notice any thing; you indorsed the check, presented it and it was paid; hardly had you left with the money when the bank officer happening to glance carefully at the check discovered the difference in the signature. I was sent for and pronounced it a forgery at a glance; but, sooner than convict my friend, I would pay the money and take the forged note, which now I have."

His voice swelled into a tone of triumph. A knock sounded on the door.

"Come in!" he said.

The door opened—the servant and two police-officers appeared.

"Arrest that man," he cried; "I accuse him of forgery!"

In another moment the handcuffs were on my wrists. The game was over—the stakes, my life against his; for the present he had won!

CHAPTER VI.

A LEAP FOR LIFE.

In the custody of the two police-officers, I was at once conveyed to the Tombs, where I was placed in a cell.

I sent a messenger to Mr. Peters' office, requesting him to come and see me. I knew that the large-hearted detective would move heaven and earth to procure my release.

My messenger gone, I was left to my own reflections, which were any thing but agreeable. For the third time Livingstone had beaten me. It was of little use now to bring my accusation of murder against him, supported only by my oath and Nell's evidence. All would consider it but a trumped-up charge made by me in revenge for my arrest. In chess parlance, he had the "move"; I was now in "check"; the next move in the game might see me "mated."

What was to be done? That Richard Livingstone would prove me guilty of the forgery of which in reality I was as innocent as a babe unborn—I had hardly a doubt. The evidence was strong against me. I had no proof that he had given me the check. The web around me was woven with devilish cunning. I could not discern a single weak spot in the meshes through which I might escape.

In due time, my messenger, whom I had sent to Peters, returned with the information that Mr. Peters had left New York for the West on a professional trip and was not expected to return for a week. No hope there, then, and the detective was the only friend I had who could or would aid me. It seemed as if fate itself fought against me.

I thought over my situation calmly. Why should Heaven favor Livingstone and not me? I had the right on my side, and he naught but the black armor of guilt on his. After a moment's reflection I found the reason. Although with the right on my side, I had not acted for the right solely, but had tried to turn the circumstances which brought to my knowledge the existence of the child Salome to my own benefit. I had betrayed the interests of the orphan to serve myself. That was the reason for my defeat; I was convinced of this, and I made a solemn vow that, if I escaped from my present peril, I would devote my life to clearing away the doubt that hung like a dark cloud over the good name of Salome Percy, and to return to her child the fortune stolen from her by Richard Livingstone.

After this vow I felt better; no more selfish interest, but a battle for truth and for the right.

I had an examination; Richard Livingstone stood before me in the court-room and swore stoutly against me. The proof was positive; so, in default of bail, I was committed to the Tombs again till the day of my trial, which was to take place in two weeks.

I've often heard it said that justice was slow but sure; in my case she was fast and uncertain.

I had about fifteen dollars in my pocket when I was arrested; ten of those I gave to a lawyer to defend me. After a careful examination of all the points bearing upon the case, he shook his head doubtfully.

"Is there no hope?" I asked.

"Hardly," replied he. "The proof, you see, is very strong. Livingstone swears that he never gave you any check for such an amount, and then the signature being different from that usually signed by him, looking in fact like a skillful forgery of his hand, and the little circumstance that you were under the influence of liquor when you presented it, will tell against you. You know a man will do a great many things under the influence of strong drink, that he would never dream of in his moments of reason."

"Very true," I replied; "then you think there is but little chance that I shall be acquitted?"

"My dear sir," he said, "I will be honest with you; there is for you not one chance in five hundred. Your only hope is in some quibble of the law, a flaw in the indictment, or something of that sort, otherwise you don't stand a ghost of a show."

"And if I am found guilty, what will the sentence be, do you suppose?"

"Oh, Sing Sing, from two to ten years—just according to how the judge feels and how strong the evidence is against you." He spoke in a careless tone, as though it was merely a pleasure excursion up the Hudson that he had been talking about. Then he gathered up his papers and left the cell. I saw from his manner that he believed me guilty. What hope had I then for an acquittal, when my own lawyer did not believe me to be innocent?

The clouds were dark above my head; no ray of light shone through them.

As I was wrapped in these gloomy reflections, one of the prison officers entered my cell and informed me that a gentleman wanted to see me. I could not conjecture who it could possibly be; but, of course, said I should be pleased to see him.

In a few moments Richard Livingstone stood before me. His cool gaze showed no trace of emotion as he looked upon me, his victim.

"Well?" I said, after he had gazed upon me for quite a little time, without evincing any desire to speak.

"How do you like your quarters?" he said, with a half sneer.

"All places are alike to me, or to any man with a clear conscience. A prisoner has no terrors for me; can you say the same?" He winced at my question.

"Do you hope for an acquittal?" he asked.

"No."

"No?" he said, with surprise.

"Of course not. The lying evidence which you swore to, is too strong. I shall be convicted and sent to Sing Sing; once there, I shall think over my past life, and meditate upon my plans for the future." I said this with a voice as cool and quiet as though I had announced my intention to spend a few days at the sea-shore.

"Plans for the future! What are your plans?" he asked.

"Do you think I will tell you?" I replied, with a laugh.

"Why not?" he said; "I am willing to be friends with you, if you will let me."

"Do you expect me to believe that?" I asked, with a sneer.

"Yes!"

"Do you generally send your friends to the State Prison? Is that your idea of friendship?"

"Self-preservation is the first law of nature; you attacked me; I acted in self-defense solely. Had you acted differently, I should have done so, too."

"That may be," I said, with a sneer.

"It is true?" he answered, earnestly; "but, enough of this. I did not come here to taunt but to offer you my services."

"In what way and what price am I to pay for your valuable assistance?"

He did not mind my covert sneer, but went on in his speech.

"The papers I got from your house—"

"That you stole from my house, you mean?" cried I, defiantly.

"Never mind the means," he answered, quietly; "the end justifies them. The fact remains; I have them."

"Well?" I said, as he paused.

"Those papers—the marriage-certificate of Salome Percy, and the record of baptism of her child are forgeries."

His discovery of this fact now, mattered but little to me.

"Do you think so?" I asked.

"I know so!" he answered.

"May I ask how you discovered it?"

"Yes; in searching over my father's papers I discovered a letter from the minister, and his signature is entirely different from that attached to the marriage-certificate and the record of baptism."

"Ah!" I said, coolly.

"You have those papers—the genuine ones—I am certain of it, and you tricked me with the false documents. Now, I have come to make you an offer."

"Is it possible?" I cried, in affected astonishment.

"Why, I thought you had just dropped in to pay me a friendly visit; and to think, now, that selfish personal interest was at the bottom of it!"

"Enough of jesting—I am here to act the part of a friend—"

"You'll be a failure in that line, I'm afraid. If you want to do any thing in the way of acting, let me suggest Iago in the play of Othello; he's much more in your way, being a false friend and a black-hearted villain to boot. He'll just suit you." He was annoyed at my remarks and showed it in his face.

"What I am and what I have done, I myself will answer for. It concerns me alone."

"I beg your pardon—" said with an air of extravagant politeness; "it does concern me, as I shall probably go to Sing Sing for a term of years solely on your account."

"It is more than probable—you will go!"

"Are you sure of it?" I asked.

"Quite; I rode out to Central Park yesterday, with Judge Kenine. Among other things we spoke of your case, and the judge said it was his opinion that you ought to go to Sing Sing for about five years."

"Ah!" the villain had a motive in telling me this. What was it?

"And, as he is on the bench at your trial, it is extremely possible that his ideas will be carried out."

"What is your motive for telling me this? I'm no fool—I know very well that I'm sure to go up the river; but, why do you want to come and tell me of it? Is it to show me you've got the best of it?"

"No, not for that purpose alone. I want to make a bargain with you. The secret was out; he wanted something."

"Well, what is the bargain?" I asked.

"The genuine papers relating to Salome Percy and her child, that you have; I want them."

It was evident that he firmly believed I had them. I resolved to humor his belief, because if he should happen to discover that I did not possess those valuable documents, he, of course, would search for them; and, with the aid of the detective police, might find them; therefore it was for my interest to keep up the deception.

"What can you offer me for them?" I asked.

"Money is of little use to me now, for the State of New York, in her generosity, will probably provide me with board and lodging gratis, for a few years to come at least; and you can not very well withdraw your forgery charge against me without convicting yourself of perjury."

"But, suppose I could procure your pardon from the Governor, after you had served a few months? Such things can be done, you know, very easy."

His manner showed his anxiety to get the precious documents within his clutches. I couldn't very well accept his offer, for the best of all possible reasons: I didn't have the papers. But this afforded me a capital chance for what, in the language of the drama, would be called an "effective situation"; and, to use our soldier idiom, "I went for it."

"Richard Livingstone, I would not wrong the orphan child, Salome, even to save myself from Sing Sing prison. Five years are soon passed; they will not last forever. I'll come out of that prison as I entered it, your bitter, unrelenting enemy, and I'll hunt you down, through all the devious windings of your crimes, until I strip you of every dollar you have in the world and place the hangman's noose around your neck."

Livingstone listened, unmoved, to my threat.

"Words are air, and air is nothing; your threats are wasted on me. In five years time, I will remove all traces of this Salome; I shall set the detectives on the track at once. As for the hanging threat I laugh at that. You can never prove me guilty!"

"Then I'll kill you with my own hand!" I said, through my close-set teeth. My eye told him that I was in earnest, and for a moment his cheek blanched; then, without a word, he turned upon his heel and left the cell.

I did not see him again until he entered the witness-stand on the day of my trial.

The two weeks that intervened between my interview with Livingstone and the day of my trial passed slowly enough. Strange to say, Nell, the Orange Girl, was in my thoughts nearly all the time. The blue eyes were ever gazing into mine. I determined to see her, if possible.

I sent a messenger to her to tell her where I was; he returned with the information that she had left the city. Strange that she should go away without trying to see me, yet how could she tell where I was?

At last the day of my trial came. The trial was a mere farce. I had no evidence to offer in my defense, and I was sentenced to Sing Sing for five years.

For five years, then, Livingstone would rest secure in his triumph, and I must go on nursing my hate day by day, until the hour came to wreak my vengeance upon him.

Behold me then, one bright September morning, seated in the smoking-car of the 2.00 P. M. train on the Hudson River Railroad, bound for the prison at Sing Sing, handcuffed, and in the custody of a stout officer.

Five years in a man's life is a long time. Should I waste five years of my life in a prison after I had already wasted so much of it in drink and dissipation? Never! Hardly had our train left the depot, when a plan of escape flashed upon my mind.

I was apparently securely handcuffed; but, fortunately for me, I possessed a slender, delicate pair of hands, while the handcuffs were designed for wrists of the usual size; therefore, quietly, and without exciting the notice of the officer by my side, who was busily engaged in "wrestling" with a pipe of huge dimensions. I found that I could, with a slight effort, slip my hands through the handcuffs. So far, so good. I had my plan of escape fully developed in my mind. The train was now approaching Fort Washington. I knew the locality well; as a boy I had fished and swam in almost every rod of the river from Fiftieth street up to Spuyten Duyvel creek.

When the train stopped at Fort Washington, the officer's attention was taken up by some passengers entering the train; so I quietly slipped my right hand out of the handcuff. I was sitting next to the open window, and by pretending to look out and turning sideways, I was able to accomplish this without detection.

On went the train again; we were near Spuyten Duyvel creek; in a few minutes more we would be on the trestle-work; that was the golden moment. Just before the train reached the bridge over the creek, a passenger passed through the car and left the door open behind him; the officer bent forward—we were in the first seat—to close the door; quick as lightning, I drew back my right hand, and, with all my strength, struck him a terrific blow under the ear, which knocked him clean across the car, and hurled him, senseless, against its side; the train thundered over the bridge, and I sprang headforemost through the open window. It was in truth a leap for life, for I knew I should not survive five years in Sing Sing. Heels over head, turned by the motion of the train, as I leaped from it, I went swiftly through the air, splash into the waters of Spuyten Duyvel creek, which received me in their chill embraces and broke my fall. I was but a few rods from the shore. I struck out lustily for it. The water was cold as ice. The shore reached, I ran swiftly down the river—fortune favors the bold they say—for a few hundred yards on. I found a fishing-boat, oars and all, on the beach. It was fastened to a stake by a common slip-knot; it required but a second to unloose it, and in another I was in the boat and was pulling lustily down the stream. Luckily the tide was with me. I heard the train stop, and then begin to back up. By the time it had reached the trestle-work, I had got round the little bend in the river, and was hid from their sight. As soon as I thought it safe to do so, I headed the boat for the Jersey shore. The train had again proceeded on its way; and, as its noise died away in the distance, I thanked Heaven for my escape.

Now then, Livingstone, look to yourself, for the bloodhound is on your track!

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 41.)

RED ARROW,

The Wolf Demon:

OR,

THE QUEEN OF THE KANAWHA.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "AGE OF SPIES," "SCARLET HAND,"

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

Mournfully the Indians carried the body of the slain man to his wigwam, and soon the wall of lamentation and despair broke on the stillness of the night.

"What does the chief think?" asked the Black Cloud, as he watched the lowering face of Ke-ne-ha-ha.

"That the Bad Spirit is among us," returned the chief, slowly. "My warriors are falling, one by one, by the hand of this secret foe. I would give my own life to conquer him and save my nation from him."

"Why not seek the Medicine Man? The Wolf Demon is a spirit—the Medicine Man will give the chief a charm so that he can fight the Wolf Demon," said the Black Cloud, sagely.

"My brother speaks well—his counsel is good—the chief will visit the Great Medicine," replied Ke-ne-ha-ha.

And acting instantly on the resolution that he had formed, Ke-ne-ha-ha went at once to the wigwam of the old Indian who was the Great Medicine Man of the Shawnee tribe.

The wigwam of the Great Medicine was far from the others of the village, and hid itself within the borders of the wood as if it courted solitude.

The Great Medicine of the Shawnees was an aged man. Infirm and old was he, yet gifted with wondrous skill. He knew all the properties of the herbs of the forest, the meadow and the swamp. Could cure by charms and conjurations the most dangerous diseases.

The savages looked upon him with awe and wonder. Even Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief as he was of the Shawnee nation, felt a slight sensation of fear creep over him as he entered the wigwam of the Great Medicine.

As usual the Medicine Man sat in a corner of the lodge all wrapped up in blankets, even his head concealed. Only his face was visible, and that painted in streaks of black and white in a horrible fashion.

A little fire burning in the center of the lodge cast a dim light over the scene.

The Medicine Man made a slight motion with his head as the chief entered, as if to acknowledge his presence.

"Let the Great Medicine open his eyes while the chief of the Shawnees speaks, and let his words sink into his heart as the soft summer rain sinks into the earth."

Another slight motion of the head answered the words of the chief.

"It is good—let my brother listen," said the chief, gravely.

Again the Medicine Man bowed his head.

"The Shawnees are a great nation—many warriors—brave as the panther—cunning as the fox. The Shawnee braves fear not death, but they wish to meet it face to face. Now it crawls upon them from behind—in the darkness, and strikes them to death before they dream that a foe is near. Can my father tell me of a charm to conquer the Wolf Demon?"

"Does the chief wish to see him?" asked the Great Medicine, in a cracked and wavering voice.

"Yes," answered the chief, eagerly.

"I will bring the Wolf Demon before him at once."

CHAPTER XXV.

ON THE TRAIL.

VIRGINIA woke from her swoon to find herself a captive in the hands of the Shawnees.

Three grim and painted chiefs were her guards.

Virginia shuddered when she thought of the terrible fate that was in store for her. No ray of light broke through the darkness of the clouded future. She despaired of ever again seeing home and friends.

The red-men bore her swiftly through the forest, heading toward the Ohio.

The false white man, the treacherous guide, who had led her into the snare, had disappeared.

Crossing the Ohio the savages conducted their prisoner to the Indian village at Chillicothe.

Great was the rejoicing among the Shawnees, when the hapless girl was brought a prisoner into their midst. It seemed to them like an omen of good fortune.

Virginia was placed in one of the wigwams, and there left in solitude to meditate upon the dreadful misfortune that had come upon her.

Alone, far from home and kindred, there seemed no avenue of escape open to her. Despairing, she prayed to the Great Power above to rescue her from her terrible peril.

Leaving the despairing maid to her own sad thoughts, we will return to the renegade, Girty.

After leaving the old General, Girty made his way to a secluded glade in the forest where he had arranged to meet Kendrick.

Girty found his companion waiting for him.

"The Indians have departed with the girl?" Girty asked.

"Yes; by the way, what do you intend to do with her?" said Kendrick.

"Give her to some chief for a wife. I have just had a little talk with Treveling. I told him who I was and of the vengeance that I have taken for the wrong that he did me so many years ago." Girty's face showed plainly his fierce joy as he spoke.

"It was a dangerous attempt to penetrate into yonder settlement," said Kendrick.

"Yes, but my disguise you see is perfect. This black wig covers my own hair, and the walnut stain upon my face changes the color of my complexion. But we must return to Chillicothe. The settlers know of Ke-ne-ha-ha's intended attack and are prepared for it. The chief must know it. The design to surprise the station has failed."

"Will he then give up the attack?"

"No; Ke-ne-ha-ha will play the lion if he can not act the part of the fox. The Shawnees and their allies have force enough to drive all the whites from the banks of the Ohio. They will try to do it and I think they will succeed."

"I say, Girty," said Kendrick, suddenly, "why do you give the girl to the Indians? Why not take her for yourself? She is young and pretty; a prize for any man."

"I have thought of that," replied the other; "perhaps the knowledge that his daughter was mine would give more pain to Treveling than any thing else."

"I should think it likely."

"I will think about the matter; but now let us to Chillicothe as fast as our legs will carry us. Soon we will return with brand and steel. Dying men and blazing rooftrees shall mark our path."

Then the two plunged into the thicket and soon their forms were lost in the mazes of the wood.

For a few minutes the little glade was deserted by all living things, and then again life stood within the forest opening.

Forth from the covert of the wood came the strange girl known as Kanawha Kate. In her hand she carried the long rifle common to the frontier. In her belt was thrust the keen-edged scalping knife of the Indian.

For a moment she paused in the center of the glade and listened eagerly.

"She is then in the Shawnee village, the prisoner of the renegade," she murmured. "She, the promised wife of the man that I love with all the passion of my nature." Pll of agony was the tone in which she spoke.

"Why did I permit this terrible love to

take possession of my heart? Why did I not crush it at the moment of its birth? But my rival is in the power of the Indians. This man, Girty, may make her his, then she will be removed from my path forever. Why should I interfere to save her? If Harvey does not see her again he may forget her, and then I may be able to win his love. Oh! how full of bliss is even the thought."

For a moment she stood like one inspired, her eyes flashing and her lips half opened. And then a change came over her face. Her head sunk down listlessly upon her breast.

"Alas! it is but a dream," she murmured, sorrowfully. "He will never learn to love me even if she is lost to him. I have forgotten the stain that clings to me. Forgotten that I am the daughter of the renegade. One at whom the finger of scorn is pointed. A wretched creature not fit to associate with others whose skins are white like mine. I am an outcast, a child of the forest. What madness then to think that I can ever win the love of a man like Harvey Winthrop. No, it is impossible."

Slowly and mournfully Kate spoke, as the truth forced itself upon her mind.

"I must to the Shawnee village!" she cried, suddenly. "The Indians know me as the daughter of the renegade and will not harm me. On my way through the forest I can decide upon what course to pursue. Whether to leave Virginia to her fate, to the cruel mercy of having her life spared by Girty, only to become his wife; or to save her—if it be possible—and give her to the man who has, unknowingly, won my heart. Oh! to leave her to Girty, is a terrible temptation; Heaven give me strength to resist it!"

Then through the wood Kate followed on the trail of her father and Girty.

Cautiously she followed on the trail till it led into the Indian village by the bank of the Scioto known as Chillicothe.

In the thicket that fringed the village, Kate halted.

"Now, what course shall I pursue?" she asked, communing with herself. "Shall I go at once boldly into the village and say that I have come to seek my father? or shall I remain here in concealment and watch my opportunity to enter the village unobserved?"

For a few moments Kate pondered over the difficult question. She could not decide which of the two courses to adopt.

Then from a wigwam, in full view of the thicket that concealed the girl, came Girty and Kendrick.

They bent their steps slowly toward the river.

"I have it!" cried Kate, suddenly; "I will tell my father that I feared to remain alone in my cabin and brave the dangers of the Indian attack, and that I wish to remain here until the war is ended. They will not suspect my purpose."

And having come to this conclusion, she stepped forward from the shelter of the thicket.

The two men started with surprise when they beheld the girl.

"Why, Kate, what brings you here?" asked Kendrick, in astonishment.

"I am in search of you, father," she replied.

"What do you want with me?"

"I have thought over your warning regarding the Indian attack, and have concluded to seek shelter here," she replied.

"It's the best thing you kin do," said Kendrick, approvingly.

Girty's face wore a strange expression as he looked up at the girl.

"Is this your daughter?" he said, in an undertone to Kendrick.

"Yes," the other replied; "don't you remember her?"

"Her face is familiar to me," said Girty, with a puzzled air, "yet I can not ever remember meeting her before."

"She was with me, hyer in the nation, some five years ago; of course she's changed a good deal since that time."

"That is probably the reason why her face seems strange, and yet familiar, to me. But come this way a moment. I have something to say to you."

Kendrick followed Girty. A few paces on, out of ear-shot of the girl, Girty halted.

"Is your daughter to be trusted?" Girty asked.

"Why, what do you mean?" said Kendrick, in wonder.

"I mean, is she red at heart, like ourselves? Does she hate the whites?"

"Well, I reckon that she doesn't bear 'em much love. The settlers have allers looked upon her as they would upon a spotted snake; a pretty thing, but dangerous, and not to be handled. But why do you ask the question?"

"I'll tell you. I want some one to look after this girl."

"Why not get one of the squaws?"

"I am afraid to trust her with them. Of course I shall have to go with Ke-ne-ha-ha, on his expedition against the whites. If any reverse should happen to the Indians, and the news of it reach the village in my absence, they might take revenge upon the girl."

"Yes, that's very true."

"But if I can get your daughter to take charge of her, why, that danger will be avoided."

"Well, you kin ask the gal. I gness she'll be willing to do it," said Kendrick.

"I'll pay her well for the service. The

presence, too, of one of her own blood may serve to reconcile the girl to her fate, or, at any rate, it will serve to rob her captivity of half its terrors."

"Better speak to Kate right away."

"I will."

Then the two returned to the girl.

"Kate, my friend, I want you to do a little favor for me," said Kendrick.

"What is it?" asked Kate, and even as she spoke the thought came into her mind that the favor had something to do with the captive maid.

"There is a white girl in the village, not exactly a prisoner to the Indians, for I intend to marry her, but still, she is not free. I would like to have you take charge of her; do all you can to make her contented with and accept the fate that is before her. I will pay you well for the service."

"What is her name?" and not a muscle of Kate's face betrayed that she knew what the name would be even before it was spoken.

"Virginia Treveling," replied Girty, after hesitating for a moment, but then an instant's reflection convinced him that it would be folly to attempt to conceal the name of his prisoner.

"Very well, I will do it," said Kate, quietly.

"I told you I thought she would," said Kendrick, with an air of satisfaction.

"She is in yonder wigwam," and Girty pointed to one that stood by the bank of the Scioto, a hundred paces or so from where they were.

"I will take good care of her," Kate said, and neither of the two that stood by her side guessed the double meaning conveyed in her words.

And so Kate was placed to guard the captive Virginia. In her heart two passions struggled for supremacy. The fate of her rival was in her hands. Would she save or crush her?"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE GREAT MEDICINE.

KE-NE-HA-HA gazed at the old Medicine Man in astonishment, not unmixed with awe.

"Did the great chief hear right? Did my father say that he could show the Wolf Demon to Ke-ne-ha-ha?"

"Yes, the Great Medicine of the Shawnee nation can raise the dead—can bring the evil spirit—the Wolf Demon—from the air, the earth, or from the fire where he has his wigwam," chanted the old Indian.

For a few moments in silence the Shawnee chief looked upon the Great Medicine.

"My father speaks straight," he said, at length, breaking the silence. "His tongue is not forked. Is the Wolf Demon an Indian devil?"

"No, white."

"White?" and the chief started.

"Yes, as white as the Ohio waves when the Great Spirit lashes them with his storm-whip, and they bind white plumes around their scalp-locks."

The chief pondered with moody brows. The old Indian from the covert of his blankets watched him with searching eyes.

"Then the Great Medicine can show me the Wolf Demon?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"Does the chief see that green stick?" and the old Indian pointed to the fire.

"Yes."

"When that stick becomes a flaming brand, then turns to a blackened coal, the Wolf Demon will be here."

"In this wigwam?" asked the chief, in wonder.

"Yes."

"Why not before?"

"The Wolf Demon is far down below the earth. His home is in the fire that burns in the mouth of the tortoise that carries the earth on his back. He can not come in an instant. The Great Medicine knew that Ke-ne-ha-ha would seek his counsel before the young moon died. He knew that the chief would wish to see the Wolf Demon, and he summoned him from the land of shadows long ago. But for that, the chief would not be able to have his wish gratified to-night."

"The Wolf Demon will come then?" and instinctively Ke-ne-ha-ha's hand sought the handle of his tomahawk as he spoke.

"Yes; the chief is wise to prepare, for the Wolf Demon comes to take his life."

"Ah!" and Ke-ne-ha-ha's eyes shot lurid fires as he uttered the simple exclamation.

"Does not the chief fear?"

"What? the white devil? ugh! Ke-ne-ha-ha's heart is like rock. He does not fear."

"Then the chief will meet and fight the Wolf Demon?" asked the Great Medicine.

"Yes, if the Wolf Demon comes, the chief will fight him. Many great warriors have fallen by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon. He is a coward. He does not attack the Shawnee braves like a warrior and a man. He creeps behind them in the forest like a cat and strikes them in the back. He will not dare to meet Ke-ne-ha-ha, face to face."

"See, the green stick is burning," and the Medicine Man looked toward the fire as he spoke. "When it is ashes, the chief will stand face to face with the Wolf Demon. He will tremble like a squaw when he sees the white man's devil."

"The Great Medicine is wise, but he lies

when he says that Ke-ne-ha-ha will tremble!" cried the Shawnee chief, anger sparkling in his eyes. "The great fighting-man of the Shawnee nation never turned his back to mortal foe, either red or white-skinned warrior. Why should he fear the devil that hides in the wood, and who, like a coward, strikes his foes in the back?" And Ke-ne-ha-ha drew himself up, proudly, as he spoke.

"The chief has the heart of a lion; it is a pity that he should die like the snake," said the old Indian, slowly.

"When the chief dies it will be upon the war-path!" exclaimed the Shawnee brave, in defiance; "a hundred scalps will hang at his belt—his hand will be red with the blood of his foe. When he enters the happy hunting-grounds, the chiefs will bow in homage to him, and say, 'Here is a great warrior; welcome.'"

"The chief is wrong," said the Great Medicine, slowly; "he will not die on the war-path. The Great Medicine sees the future. It is clouded to all other eyes but his. His heart is Shawnee—it is torn with anguish when he reads the future and sees the desolation and dismay that must come upon the Shawnee nation. Before his eyes is a sea of blood, not white blood but red, the blood of the Indian."

Over the brow of the chief came a gloomy cloud as he listened to the prophetic words of the old man.

His heart sunk within him as he heard the prophecy of disaster and death.

"Does the Great Medicine read the future straight?" he asked, anxiously. "Is not the blood that he sees, the blood of the white settlers by the banks of the Ohio? the blood of the false-hearted, crooked-tongued chiefs who have stolen the lands of the red-men and whose mouths are full of lies?"

Sorrowfully the old Indian shook his head.

"The blood is the life-current of the Shawnees, the Mingoes, the Wyandots and the Hurons. The heart of the Great Medicine is sad, but he must speak the truth."

"Then the expedition of the Shawnee chief against the whites on the Ohio will be defeated?" asked Ke-ne-ha-ha, with a frown upon his face.

"Yes."

"The chief will go if he had ten thousand lives to lose and knew that by the act he would sacrifice them all," said the Shawnee, proudly, and with an air of dogged defiance.

"The chief has but one life to lose, and he will lose it in the Shawnee village by the banks of the Scioto," said the Great Medicine.

Ke-ne-ha-ha started as the words fell upon his ears, and a look of anger swept over his face.

"Will the chief die by the hand of a spy—a snake who will creep into the Shawnee village to strike him in the back?"

"No, Ke-ne-ha-ha will be killed in a fair and open fight, but he will be killed in the midst of the Shawnees and die in one of the wigwams of his own people."

The chief looked puzzled at the strange words of the old Indian.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha does not understand; will my father speak straight?"

"The chief does not fear then to learn the future?"

"No," said the Shawnee warrior, proudly.

"Not even when he is to hear of the manner of his death?"

"A warrior must die some time. Ke-ne-ha-ha is ready when the Great Spirit calls him."

"Good; the Great Medicine will speak then. He must speak words that cause him tears of blood, for they tell of the death of the Shawnee chieftain."

"Ke-ne-ha-ha's ears are open—he listens."

"Before the moon dies, a terrible figure will be in the Shawnee village. All fly from its path—the birds of the night, the insects of the earth—for it is not of human mold. The moonbeams shining in fear will show the figure of a huge gray wolf. The wolf walks on its hind legs like a man. It has the face of a human, and it is striped with war-paint, black and white. In its paw it carries a tomahawk—the edge is crusted with blood that dims the brightness of the steel. The blood comes from the veins of some of the best warriors of the Shawnee nation. The Little Crow hunted the brown deer in the woods of the Scioto. He came not back. His brother found him in the forest dead—the print of a tomahawk in his skull and a Red Arrow graven on his breast. Watega is another great brave of the Shawnee nation. Not two sleeps ago he went with the white red-men—the renegades—on a scout. He has not come back to his wigwam, though the others have returned. His squaw sits in his lodge and wonders where he is. He will never come back. In a little glade on the other side of the Ohio is his body—a tomahawk cut in the skull, and on his breast the totem of the Red Arrow."

Ke-ne-ha-ha started. The death of Watega, who was one of his favorite warriors, startled him.

"Watega dead?" he cried, hardly willing to believe the news.

"The Great Medicine has said that he sleeps the long sleep that knows no waking," chanted the old Indian; his voice coming from beneath the blankets wrapped around his head like a voice from the tomb.

"How can my father know that Watega

is dead?" demanded the chief, obstinately refusing to believe.

"Does the Shawnee chief question the power of the Great Medicine and yet come to him for advice?" said the old Indian, with an accent of scorn in his voice.

"My father is sure?"

"Yes."

"Watega was a great warrior; peace be with him," said the chief, solemnly.

"Little Crow and Watega fell by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon in the forest, and not an hour ago the Red Leaf met his death by the Scioto, and the Wolf Demon dealt the blow."

"Ke-ne-ha-ha saw the slain brave, the last victim of the white devil," the chief said, sorrowfully.

"No, the chief is wrong; not the last victim, for another Shawnee has felt the keen edge of the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon since the Red Leaf died by his hand."

"Another of my braves killed!" cried Ke-ne-ha-ha, in wonder and is anger.

"Yes, two have had the totem of the Red Arrow graven on their breasts since the moon rose."

"And who was the other?"

"The great Medicine can not tell the chief now, but the chief will know when the stick burns to ashes and the Wolf Demon comes."

"But the fate of Ke-ne-ha-ha?"

"The red chief will fall by the tomahawk of the Wolf Demon."

There was silence for a few moments in the wigwam.

Over the face of the Shawnee chief came a look of stern resolution. There was no trace of fear in the bearing of the Shawnee.

"Let my father keep his word and bring the white devil," Ke-ne-ha-ha said, breaking the silence. "If the Great Spirit wills that the chief of the Shawnee nation is to die by the hand of the scourge of his race, Ke-ne-ha-ha is content. But he will fight the Wolf Demon before he dies."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STORY OF THE WOLF DEMON.

The little fire sputtered as the flame

eat into the heart of the green stick. The light chased and toyed with the dark shadows that lurked, assassin-like, in the corners of the Indian lodge.

Ke-ne-ha-ha, with a resolute but gloomy brow, looked upon the old Indian, who sat like a vampire by the embers.

"My father will keep his word," the chief said, after a silence of long duration.

"Watch the green stick—when it is ashes the Wolf Demon will stand before the chief."

The Shawnee brave gazed upon the Great Medicine in wonder.

"My father is a Great Medicine, to be able to call the white man's devil."

"The Great Spirit wills that the Wolf Demon should come; the Medicine Man does not bring him. He only knows that he is coming."

"Can my father tell me one thing more?" asked the chief, after thinking for a moment.

"Let the Shawnee brave speak; then the Great Medicine can answer," returned the old Indian, ambiguously.

"The chief will speak," said Ke-ne-ha-ha, decidedly. "The Wolf Demon has slain many a great brave of the Shawnee nation. He is only seen by the banks of the Scioto. He strikes only at the Shawnees. Why does not the white man's devil kill also the Wyandot and the Mingo warriors? Why does Shawnee blood alone stain the edge of his tomahawk?"

"The chief is anxious to know why?"

"Yes; can my father tell?"

"The Great Medicine of the Shawnees can tell all things, either in life or death. Let the chief open his ears, and he shall hear."

"Ke-ne-ha-ha listens," said the chief, curiously.

"The Wolf Demon is a white devil, and he hates the Shawnees. He does not hate the Mingo warrior or the Wyandot brave, only the Shawnee."

"But why should he hate the warriors that Ke-ne-ha-ha leads?"

"Because when the Wolf Demon was on the earth they did him wrong."

The chief started.

"The Wolf Demon has lived, then, a human?"

"Yes."

"Will my father tell how that can be?"

"Yes; listen." The Great Medicine paused for a moment, as if to collect his thoughts, then again he spoke:

"Twelve moons ago a song-bird dwelt in the wigwams of the Shawnees, in the village of Chillicothe, by the side of the Scioto. She was as fair as the rosy morn, as gentle as the summer wind, as lithe and graceful as the brown deer. She was called the Red Arrow."

"The Great Medicine speaks with a straight tongue—the Red Arrow was the daughter of the great fighting-man of the Shawnee nation. The chief now mourns for the loss of his flower." Ke-ne-ha-ha spoke sadly, and a gloomy cloud was on his brow as the words came from his lips.

"The Singing Bird was called the Red Arrow—a name fit more for a chief and a warrior than a bounding fawn—because when she was born the Great Spirit marked a red arrow—his totem—on her breast.

Over her heart blazoned the mystic sign, yet her nature was as gentle as the pigeon's, though she bore the totem of slaughter."

"What my father says is true," said the chief. "All the Shawnee tribe know of the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha and of the mystic totem that she bore on her breast."

"But do all the Shawnee chiefs know of the manner of her death?"

The great chief started at the question and cast a searching glance into the face of the Great Medicine; that is, he would have looked into the face of the old Indian had not the blankets, wrapped around his head, hid it from the gaze of the chief.

"Does not my father know how the daughter of Ke-ne-ha-ha died?" asked the chief, slowly.

"Perhaps the Great Medicine has heard, but his memory is bad—he is an old man. Will the great chief tell him?"

"The Red Arrow left the wigwams of her people to wander in the forest. There she was eaten up by a bear. Ke-ne-ha-ha and a few of his chosen warriors searched for her and discovered her fate."

"The great chief lies to the Medicine Man," said the old Indian, calmly.

Fire flashed from the eyes of the chief, and he advanced a step with a threatening gesture toward the old Indian.

"Does the chief come with lies in his mouth into the sacred wigwam and then dare to raise his hand in violence to the Great Medicine Man because the Great Spirit bids his oracle speak the truth?" said the old Indian, sternly.

With an exclamation of anger, Ke-ne-ha-ha stepped back to his former position.

"The chief forgot himself—he did not mean to offer harm to the Great Medicine Man."

"It is well. Mortal man can not harm the tongue of the Great Spirit. The Spirit-fires that flash from the storm-cloud would strike unto death the warrior that dares to lift his hand in menace to the Great Medicine of the Shawnee tribe."

With an expression of awe upon his features the chief listened to the words of the old Indian.

"Let my father forgive and forget," Ke-ne-ha-ha said, slowly.

"The Great Medicine will tell the Shawnee chief the fate of the Red Arrow. She wandered from the wigwams of her people because she had fallen in love with a pale-face—a hunter whose cabin was by the Ohio and the Muskingum. She left home, kindred, all, for the sake of the long-life. She became his squaw. Does the Great Medicine speak truth?"

"Yes," Ke-ne-ha-ha answered, slowly and reluctantly.

"It is good. Does the chief see that it is useless to deceive the Great Medicine who can look into men's hearts and read what is written there?"

"My father is wise."

"The Great Spirit has made him so," answered the old Indian, solemnly.

"The Great Medicine knows the fate of the Red Arrow?" Ke-ne-ha-ha asked.

"Yes; the Shawnees found her in the lodge of the pale-face. They asked her to return to her people. She refused, for she loved the white hunter. Then the red chiefs went away, but when the sky grew dark, covered by Manitou's mantle, again the Shawnee warriors stood by the lodge of the pale-face who had stolen from her home the singing-bird of the Shawnees. The brands were in their hands, the keen-edged scalping-knives in their belts. They gave to the fire the lodge of the pale-face, and while the flames roared and crackled, they shot the Red Arrow dead in their midst."

"The Shawnee woman who forsakes her tribe for a pale-face stranger, deserves to die," said the chief, sternly.

"The chief speaks straight, for with his own hand he killed his daughter, the Red Arrow."

"And would also kill Le-a-pah, his other singing-bird, if she left the village of her fathers to sing in the wigwam of a white-skinned," exclaimed Ke-ne-ha-ha, with stern accents.

"It is good."

"Why has my father told of the death of the bird who flew from her nest to dwell with the stranger?"

"Does not the chief wish to know why the Wolf Demon kills only the Shawnee warriors?"

"Yes; but what has that to do with the dead singing-bird?" Ke-ne-ha-ha asked, puzzled.

"Does not the Wolf Demon leave as his totem on the breast of his victims a Red Arrow?"

The chief started. For the first time he thought that the mark of the Wolf Demon and the name of his murdered daughter were alike, flashed across his mind.

"Why does the Wolf Demon take for his totem a Red Arrow?" demanded the chief.

"Let the chief open his ears and he shall hear," said the old Indian, gravely. "When the lodge of the white hunter was burnt to the ground, and the body of the singing-bird lay before the warriors disfigured by the flames, they looked for the white hunter but could not find him."

"He was not in the lodge when my braves attacked it," interrupted the chief.

"Ke-ne-ha-ha is wrong. The white hunter was in the lodge. He saw the singing-bird fly from life to death, and was wounded by the bullets of the Shawnee warriors; then, when the lodge fell he was buried beneath the ruins. The eyes of the

red braves were sharp, but they did not discover the wounded and helpless white-skin under the blackened logs. The red chiefs went away, satisfied with their vengeance. The white brave lay between life and death. A huge gray wolf came from the forest. He found the senseless man under the logs. The forest beast was hungry; he thirsted for human blood. The great gray wolf eat up the wounded white-skin. The body of the white went into the stomach of the wolf; it died, but the soul of the white hunter lived. It did not fly from the body but went with it. The soul of the wolf was small, the soul of the white hunter large, and the large soul eat up the little one. The wolf became a wolf with a human soul. The soul remembered the wrong that the Shawnee warriors had done its body; it burned for revenge. It made the wolf walk erect like a human; it taught him to carry in his paw the tomahawk of the red man—to steal upon the Shawnee chiefs in the forest—to give their souls to the dark spirit and to graven on their breasts the totem of the Red Arrow. Thus the soul keeps alive the memory of the squaw that the Shawnee warriors killed."

The chief listened with amazement.

"How long will the wolf, who has a human soul, be an avenging angel to give to the death the warriors of my tribe?" the chief asked.

"How many warriors were with Ke-ne-ha-ha when he killed the Red Arrow?"

"Ten."

"Where are they now?"

The chief started. Of the ten warriors not one was living. All were dead, killed by the Wolf Demon. Each one bore the mark of the Red Arrow.

"Only one remains, Ke-ne-ha-ha, the great chief of the Shawnee nation. He will die by the tomahawk of the human wolf, and then the Demon will go to the land of shadows."

With a sharp crack, the green stick snapped in twain. The fire had eaten to the core. The Medicine Man arose.

"Let the chief prepare. The Wolf Demon is near."

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 35.)

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THE Saturday Journal

Published every Tuesday morning at nine o'clock.

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THE NEW SERIAL!

In the coming issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL will be started another of the striking and powerful romances of American life and society, which have rendered this paper distinguished among popular papers, viz:

THE COLLEGE RIVALS; OR, The Belle of Providence. A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY.

BY DR. WM. MASON TURNER,
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Intensely dramatic as are all the author's productions, they are yet so real, their interest is so persistent and sustained, that readers are eager for each successive installment, and talk of the impression made. Only representative stories create this impression.

Of all the serials published during the last two years by the popular weeklies in existence before the SATURDAY JOURNAL came into the field, how many can now be recalled in memory?

Not a half-dozen—not half of a half-dozen!

And why? Because the stories were either "the same old horn," or else, were commonplace, spiritless and drawn out too long by half.

In DR. TURNER'S case we have an apt illustration of the want of sagacity by the conductors of the popular weeklies. This gentleman had written for the popular press for several years, but received only small encouragement from the publishers, and not until the SATURDAY JOURNAL recognized his merit, and made it known, did our sleepy cotemporaries wake up to his excellence. The same may be said of several other authors whom we have given a proud reputation, but whom, had it not been for this paper, the public would, in truth, have heard but little. And so it will be in the future; we shall introduce many a star which other journalists would have thrust into the background just because the writers were not of the old hum-drum style, or of the order of Laura Matilda.

Readers who enjoyed "The Masked Miner," "The Ruby Ring," etc., etc., will be equally delighted with this newest work from the author's impressive pen. It is, like the previous serials, highly dramatic in story, and in its personality exceedingly original. It is equally a tale of love and of personal antagonisms, arousing all the strongest passions of the heart, but also bringing into full relief the beauty and power of man's regard for man. Young men and women especially will enjoy the romance, and peruse it with avidity.

Contributors and Correspondents.

Can not find place for BOLTED; HARTLEY'S GHOST; DITTO; THE LAST NIGHT; THREE ROGUES BY ACCIDENT; A TEN STRIKE; MOLLY MINER'S CHRISTMAS BOX; MARION BURNER'S COURTSHIP;—Can use SMITHERS, THE SNOW-MAN, Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4.—Also, MY AUCTION; WONDERINGS; FLIES; MATCH-MAKERS.—Not available: HOW THE SCHOOLMASTER BROKE HIS BACK. No stamps.—THE OLD MAN'S REVENGE is returned. Can not confer the favor the author solicits. The schoolmaster's calling would be seriously injured if editors became gratuitous preceptors in composition.—BETIE CARINGTON'S PRIZE, too imperfect as a composition. MS. is returned.—Little Irons is very good in her WOMEN AND LECTURES. Lettie is a natural reformer.—Will try and find place for SAVED AT THE ALTAR; DORA, THE SEAMSTRESS; THE LOVER'S ESCAPE; THE CONGRESSMAN'S DAUGHTER.—Will have to "tear up" poem, FORGET TREE? NEVER!

"A Clerk" asks, if we think it well for a clerk whose mind has been engrossed all day in business to spend his evenings reading the weekly papers. What is essential recreation—a relief to mind and body. Entertaining reading ought to be such to every well disposed mind. Clerks are so apt to rush out into the streets at night "for a change" that, in the vast majority of cases, they are almost unconsciously engrossed with tastes and vices which essentially stain the character. "From the evils of night-walking Good Lord deliver us!" ought to be in the litany of every youth's life. We say it is a beneficent taste to encour-

age—that of reading, and the young man who spends his evenings at home or in some reading-room or library will, at twenty-five, be wiser, nobler, better for his course.

We return MS. LILLIAN'S ATONEMENT. It is not desirable to cut down a manuscript once rejected because of its length, for the reason that the expunging process usually leaves the work unfinished in an art sense. Better, in all cases, to write anew.

Have sent copy of paper of Nov. 12th, to E. H. G. We can not be at the trouble to write out "opinions." It is as much as we can do to read the MSS. and make notes.

J. B. T. We return CHRISTMAS STORY. Enough of such matter has come to hand to publish a Christmas Number every week for many weeks to come.

The poems by J. B. C. Lowell, certainly do show taste and talent for rhythmic expression. The several productions submitted, however, are too crude for use—too full of blemishes which betray the writer's want of knowledge of poetic composition. Must have that knowledge or fail of success.

We are of the opinion that the author of A VISIT TO NEWGATE PRISON, mistakes bad spelling for humor. We do not see a shadow of a smile in the substance, and only see detestable orthography in the form of what is said. Josh Billings is a genius, but his imitators, almost without exception, are eggs spoiled in the hatching.

J. E. K. wants to know just how to get on the stage, as he has the ambition dramatic. We answer, as there is no royal road to learning, so is there no summer path to dramatic success. Even with decided talent for acting, to succeed on the stage is to "learn to labor and to wait." The best of our actors have been many years in accomplishing their supremacy, while there are to-day, on the stage, hundreds of patient, hard-laboring men and women who have real talent but who never will succeed to a "star's" estate. The profession, like all other professions, is overstocked and greatly underpaid, in consequence. If J. E. K., however, is resolved to be an actor, there is but one course to pursue—to go to some dramatic manager and press your claims for some place on the stage, no matter how humble; and then work your way upward.

W. RITER. Keep on corresponding with the lady, and, be assured, if she responds, that you are "in her books." The surest way to win her regards is to prove yourself worthy of them. An occasional present, tasteful but inexpensive, as a box, an album, a picture, a flower—will do good service.

Foolscap Papers.

Our Sidewalk.

THERE is but little to interest even the imaginative mind in the appearance of our sidewalk, but it is the most accommodating sidewalk that ever struck my eye—or my head; for wherever a house comes out four or five feet further than its neighbor, to take a look down-street, the sidewalk politely makes a bend to get around it, and where a house shrinks modestly back from the general line, it bends in; and you will readily perceive that it does not go through this world in any thing like a straight line by any means.

The prevalence of front stoops and large steps goes very much against the navigability of our sidewalk, which is not very wide at most, and they, being of stone mostly, and not cushioned, become objects to be shunned by navigators who race for physicians at unseasonable hours. However, they are not altogether invaluable, for when business keeps me down-town till a late hour, I can always tell when I am at or near home, by the number of steps I happen to fall over; mine is number sixteen.

The paving of our sidewalk is various indeed. There is the round cobble-stone, which is merely another name for suicide, for your path of life there is rough in the extreme; and as a respecter of corns it is not. Then your sore toe brings up against a paving of brick a little above the plane of the preceding one, with its zigzag pattern, wherein every other brick has crumbled out, leaving, as the obituary says, "such a vacancy that its place can never be filled," and very likely nobody will ever attempt it. Then, if you don't come to a mud-puddle, you will come to a paving of flags, consummately fitted in, but consummately unfitted for easy locomotion; then you come down with a jar upon a pavement of pure earth, which, after a shower, is universally paved with small pools of water; then to a more pretentious paving of freestone, which the shoemakers love so much; then to a patent tar pavement, which, on a hot day in summer, gratefully suggests the balmy odors of a wagon-wheel, or the perfumes of Tar-tary; then to one of the original first pavements of boards—and so on down.

It is a sidewalk upon which gates will be left open, and every dark night I un-hinge more or less of them by running against them, which is very delightful sport when you have nothing to do and can keep your bed for two or three days afterward. As gas is not an established fact on our street, the kindly saloon-keepers on each corner illuminate every night, and there is always a light in the window for thee, and I may add, a glass on the counter. But I never am allured by these rum-holes; and the saddest sight in the world is to see respectable-looking men going in and coming out of them. I avoid these places like a snake. I get mine at the drug store.

Our sidewalk is a poor thoroughfare for drunks, as it is so narrow. Occasionally one goes along, but he is obliged to occupy both sidewalks and the street, and frequently, when his journey is very wearisome, he will take a nap on some hospitable step until steps are taken to remove him, if hot water from a second-story window will do it.

The people who wear out shoe-leather on our sidewalk have their peculiarities, and, really, I have seen no two alike, though they are, as you may see on any other street, in point of general char-

acteristics. You can tell how much money one has in his pocket by the way he holds his head; how smart he is by the clothes he wears; how much he owes by his manner of walking; how old he is by the tie of his cravat; or what he is thinking about by the way he squints his eye—I say you can tell all this if you are a better judge of character than I know of. The people along our sidewalk generally go to bed at night, and most of them get up in the morning, and as everybody can't be rich, it follows that some of them are poor; and as all can't be well, some are sick, as it is on any other street.

Our sidewalk has some shade-trees, and most of the branches are so low that they take you on the head or just under the chin, as you like, or as you may not like.

I have wrecked many a borrowed umbrella on them, and bestowed on them many a withering look that didn't do any good. In winter the snow falls on our sidewalk, and lies there longer than on the street, for it seems that property-owners take special pains to keep it there; they may be softer than the snow, and they may not be.

We have an organ-grinder who has become one of the permanent fixtures of our sidewalk. He has got acclimated, and you will never see him, nor hear his tunes in any other part of town. For the last twenty years his organ has endured the shocks of all kinds of fortune and weather without wearing out, although his tunes were out long ago. His monkey also is badly demoralized, and needs animation and hair restorative. He is but the feeble wreck of his former self, with a look of melancholy on his face which he has evidently caught from his master. Music hath lost its charms for him, and some time ere long he will die and leave but a sorrowful tail.

We have some peanut-stands on our sidewalk, but they shift as their business directs, and are not always to be relied on, as is
Yours truly,
WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

CURIOSITIES.

As I am going to start a Museum, I want to secure the following curiosities, and, as they are very scarce, I am willing to pay a great price for them.

First. A man who, of a cold winter day, will leave his warm and comfortable fireside and go among the poor and shivering outcasts of the world, and not only pray for them but will open his pocket-book and leave them money to buy the necessities of life. He must be one that does these things because it is right and not because it will be talked about in high places. This is a curiosity of inestimable value.

Second. The sexton of a church who will pay as much attention to the wants of the poorly-clad portion of the congregation as to those who go to the house of God to show their diamonds and silks and make remarks on those for whom they have a spite. Ah! Mr. Sexton, you may open the pew-door to those with rustling silks, but will He who stands at the gate of Heaven make a distinction between the lofty and the lowly?

Third. A person who will stand up for a friend when he hears him abused, and take his part against his calumniators. He must be one who will be as true to his friend as to himself, and bear the burdens of both cheerfully and willingly. He must not allow his friend to wade through the mire while he goes well shod over dry land. I almost despair of finding a specimen of this curiosity.

Fourth. The girl who won't cry if her Ebenezer Abimelech does go out to walk with another girl. She must not even pout, or pucker up her lips, or look cross, but look at the matter in a natural light, and say "she'd do the same thing if she got a chance." I should label this creature, "The Heroic Girl of the Period."

Fifth. A man who won't get mad at having cold victuals on washing-day, or come home and make tracks of dirt on the scoured floor, sit down on the brand-new baby, and then exclaim, "It's of no consequence," varying the monotony of the thing by expectorating tobacco-juice in the clean suds. Send this curious curiosity in alive.

Sixth. The singer or elocutionist who will not plead a bad cold as an excuse for not singing or reciting in private. You might throw in the orator who "did not intend to make a speech."

Seventh. The individual who will go without his own dinner on Thanksgiving Day that his neighbor may have something to eat. "Precious little chance of my getting that," you say. Well, I can but try.

Eighth. The storekeeper who will not insist that I want this or that article, and that I really do want it in my house, etc., (just as if I didn't know my own wants without his telling me of them.) Such a storekeeper would be a curiosity.

Ninth. The woman who, when she asks my advice, will take it, although contrary to her own wishes, or won't be in a boiling rage if I tell her I think she does not look as well as usual when she requests me to give my candid opinion as to her appearance.

Tenth. The husband who is as attentive to his wife ten years after marriage as he was the day he led her to the altar, and the wife who will repay that attention by helping him through the briers of life, and

not let the Rose of the Altar, alter into the thorn of fretfulness.

Eleventh. The man who is not ashamed of his old mother when her faculties are on the wane and lines are deeply traced upon her face, while her hand trembles and her foot totters. He must not forget it was she who made him what he is.

For further particulars inquire for
EYE LAWLESS.

A "TAKING" SUBJECT.

TAKEN BY THE "FAT CONTRIBUTOR."

In writing, the first requisite is something to write about. Soldiers frequently right-about-face, but an essayist or photographer, who has the inflated cheek to write about "face" continually, might justly be considered a monotonic—a species of tonic not popular with those who like to invigorate the system at breakfast with the morning paper.

Some writers, we are aware, drive ahead without paying any regard to the prime requisite referred to, but we hold that a "subject" is as indispensable to a writer as it is to the anatomy class in a school for the instruction of surgeons. If you can't obtain it in any other way, dig it up, as the medical students do. Failing in the heavens above and the earth beneath, try the waters under the earth. Get a subject.

A taking article can hardly be written without a taking subject. We have taken one and it is the verb "Take." It is a word of one syllable, taken from the dictionary. The early grammarians (who catch the worms) conjugated it "take, took, taken." We may not be entirely correct, but we think it is an intransitive verb, neuter voice, passive gender, with a tendency to conjunctive conjunctions. Sometimes an active verb—for instance, when a thief takes to his heels, and a detective takes after him. It is passive when a man takes too much liquor and is dead drunk.

It has a great many "moods." Usually a man who takes a wife experiences far more pleasurable sensations than another who takes a thrashing, although in after life the shoulders of the former may often be made familiar with the conjugal broomstick. The mood in which a person takes a glass of wine differs greatly from that which urges another to take a cup of "cold pizen," although the convivial gentleman may glide from grape-juice to the juice of the still and poison himself to death with poor whisky at last.

How different the mood in which you take a note from a shaky debtor, and that in which you afterward take the money on it, if you are so lucky!

The "cases" of the verb Take are both numerous and various. The river-men take the body of a drowned man from the water. That is a case for the coroner. A thief takes a watch. That is a watch case. He repents and takes it back. That is a case of conscience. A man takes his wife over the head with the tongs. That is a police case, or would be should the wife take out a warrant for him, as she ought to do. Two doctors quarrel, take out their lancets and fight it out. That is a case of surgical instruments. A Newfoundland dog takes to the water; that is a case of—of—Newfoundland dog. A man takes fifty sixty horns of whisky each day. Some physicians will have a case of delirium tremens.

We are constantly taking after one thing or another. Money being the root of all evil, we are one immense garden of plants, all striving to take root. Do you take? One man takes after his father, and another takes after the girls. Some are industrious and "take time by the forelock," others, more indolent, "take their time Miss Lucy," while the emaciated and disagreeable old gentleman who takes his exercise on the "pale horse," overtakes us all at last.

It is remarkable how much taking is going on now days. We take cold and take snuff; take stamps and take our tods; take walks, rides, and the measles; take the papers, and "take notice," take the "SATURDAY JOURNAL," (everybody takes it) and take chloroform, while some of us can take a hand at "old sledge."

We take our ease, and take it afoot—even the small-pox is "taking." After taking life in various styles and fashions, we take our last breath, and are passed over to the undertaker.

Laugh and Grow Fat!

If there is any virtue in this old adage, our readers ought all to become members of the Fat Men's Club, for what with Beat Time, Washington Whitehorn, Joe Jot, Jr., and the celebrated

FAT CONTRIBUTOR.

(A. W. GRISWOLD), we present enough "food for smiles" in each issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL to answer the calls of the most greedy. The accession to our columns of the noted

FAT CONTRIBUTOR

is one of the most pleasing announcements we could make. He is a rare humorist of the Tom Hood type—not a mountebank of orthography, nor a sleight of hand performer, who makes a little grain of wit go dribbling through a column of "chaff." He is the

FAT CONTRIBUTOR,

which is synonymous with what is genial, smile-inspiring and mirth-provoking, inimitably droll at times, but humorous and suggestive at all times. Give him welcome!

HEAVE AHEAD!

BY JOSE F. MORAN.

Upon the waves of life's rough ocean,
Have no dread, boys, have no dread,
Though fierce and wild be their commotion,
Heave ahead, boys, heave ahead!

Steer the craft with hand unflinching,
While through troubled waters sailing—
O'er all danger thus prevailing,
Heave ahead!

If we have clouds instead of sunshine,
Have no dread, boys, have no dread;
We will have clear weather some time,
Heave ahead, boys, heave ahead!

And whenever storms o'ertake us
Let our courage not forsake us,
All the more ought that to make us
Heave ahead!

While Faith's steady compass guides us,
Have no dread, boys, have no dread!
No matter, then, what e'er betides us,
Heave ahead, boys, heave ahead!

On Hope's anchor have reliance,
Place all perils at defiance—
With Love we'll form a strong alliance—
Heave ahead!

Myrtle's Heroism.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

"Now, Myrtle, do not leave the house during our absence," said Mrs. Scott, to the pretty golden-haired housemaid, as she seated herself beside her husband in the new carriage.

"I will not," answered Myrtle, and then she saw the carriage driven away.

"Myrtle is an excellent girl," said Mrs. Scott, recalling the housemaid's many good qualifications.

"Quite," answered her husband, "But do you know, Rebecca, that of late, I have suspicioned something?"

"No, Charles, what is it? Nothing bad about Myrtle, I hope?"

"Well, nothing exactly bad, I must say; but something I do not relish."

"Why, what is it, Charles?"

"I believe that the girl is in love with our boy, Jasper," said Mr. Scott.

For a moment the wife did not speak.

What! a housemaid, on ten dollars per week, in love with her only son, the heir to James View, and fifty thousand dollars besides? Impossible! She had not the audacity.

So she told her husband.

"Don't you believe it, Rebecca," he said, in a knowing manner. "I never saw a housemaid that wasn't an audacious creature, and I venture that ours is not an exception."

"But, what aroused your suspicions, Charles?"

"I found a letterless envelope on the porch this morning, which was addressed to Myrtle in Jasper's chirography, and bore the Hartwick post-mark."

Hartwick was the city in which their son was attending college.

"Did you ever?" exclaimed Mrs. Scott, at this last revelation.

"No, I tell you, Rebecca, this matter must be sifted, and, if she has had the audacity to make love to and write to Jasper, she shall be shipped. And the boy may have been crack-brained enough to go and fall in love with her. What! my son wed a servant-girl? Never, Rebecca, never! I could never have a servant-girl for a daughter-in-law."

"Nor I, Charles."

In a like strain the indignant couple continued to converse until they reached their destination, where they expected to spend the day.

After watching the carriage until it disappeared behind a hillcock around which the road led, Myrtle Graythorne entered the mansion and busied herself with duties devolving upon her calling.

That morning everything seemed to work to her advantage; and, when the clock struck eight, she was interested in "Jane Eyre" so deeply that she did not hear a knocking at the door.

As she turned a leaf, and her eyes were taken from the type a moment, the knocking was repeated, and she closed the delightful volume.

"What! visitors already?" she exclaimed, rising and approaching the door. "It must be Maggie Binkley. She half promised to call to-day."

So soon as the little maid could unlock the door she opened it, and beheld a strange man standing before her.

There was nothing ungenteel about his look. He was a middle-aged man, who looked as though he had long dwelt in some tropical country, for his face had been tanned by the sun.

He doffed his hat when Myrtle appeared to him, and inquired for Mr. Scott.

"He and his lady went to Dorset this morning," Myrtle answered.

The man looked disappointed.

"I am very sorry, miss," he said, "I had hoped to find my brother at home."

"Your brother?" said the maid, looking searchingly into the stranger's face.

"Yes, m. Have you not heard your master speak of his brother, Harold, in Australia?"

"Quite often. He spoke of him but last night."

"I am that brother. I arrived at New Orleans in the Crescent on the twenty-third," the man said. "I am very tired, miss. I have walked all the way from Howardston this morning. I will remain until my brother returns."

"Please step in, then," said Myrtle, pitying the man, who really looked fatigued. "You will walk into the library, while I prepare you something to eat."

"Do, my good girl; I am very hungry. I left Howardston at a very early hour this morning. The sun had not yet risen."

He took a large arm-chair near Mr. Scott's private desk and cabinet, and Myrtle retired to beat up some breakfast for him.

She left the door ajar as she went out, and the man drumming on the desk.

"I do not doubt his words," murmured the young girl, as she busied herself in the pantry. "True, he does not resemble my master; but no impostor would have the audacity to confront him with his assertions."

Half an hour had not elapsed when Myrtle had a tempting breakfast spread upon the spotless cloth, and she left the dining-parlor to summon the returned Australian to his repast.

As she neared the library she noticed

that the door had been closed, but was not latched. She recollected that she had left it well ajar when she last crossed the threshold.

Something was wrong. On tip-toe she continued to approach, when suddenly the tinkle of a bunch of keys assailed her ears. She did not pause when the thought that the stranger was a burglar flashed across her mind, but went bravely on.

Presently she reached the door, and gently pushed it open.

The sight that met her gaze was not unexpected. The man was standing before the cabinet, trying to insert a key into the lock.

She watched his actions for a moment, and then retraced her steps without disturbing him.

She knew, now, that he was a robber—a professional thief, who was bent upon robbing her master of a good deal of money contained in the cabinet, and many valuables which he could turn to his advantage.

If she permitted him to escape with his booty, how could she face her master when he returned? He would drive her from the house, and where could she find a home like the one she was enjoying?

She resolved to try and prevent the robber's escape.

She hurried to Mr. Scott's chamber, and took his revolver from beneath the pillow. An examination proved it to be loaded, and she cautiously retraced her steps.

Gently opening the library-door she looked into the room, to discover that the man had opened the cabinet and was ransacking it.

He was so deeply engaged in his nefarious occupation that he did not hear the noise she made to attract his attention.

Myrtle waited awhile for him to turn from his work; but he did not gratify her. Unwilling to wait upon him longer, she suddenly raised the revolver and shouted: "Robber!"

The villain dropped a handful of important papers, and turned as though he had received a shot.

He was taken aback at seeing a pistol, held by a steady, girlish hand, pointed at his head.

"Sir, you have basely betrayed the trust I have reposed in you," she said, indignantly. "You are not Mr. Scott's brother, but a thief."

He made no immediate reply, but sullenly gazed into her face.

"Girl," he said, at last, "you had best lower that pistol and let me depart in peace. If you do, no harm shall come to you; but, if you do not, I may walk from this house over your dead body. Do you hear that?"

"I do," she answered, nothing daunted at his words, and the tiger look that accompanied them. "If you think to intimidate me, you shoot wide of the target. I can not be intimidated. Now, sir, drop into that chair!"

He looked up at her, as though he had a mind to spring forward.

"Down into that chair, sir," commanded Myrtle, for the second time. "I am master of the situation now, and I tell you, sir, upon a woman's honor, that death will follow the disobedience of my commands!"

Her tone was firm and determined, and, with a muttered oath, the man dropped into the chair. Then Myrtle sprang across the threshold, closed and locked the door behind her.

"He is my prisoner now!" she said, drawing a breath of relief. "I will keep him in the library until Mr. Scott returns." She drew a chair near the door, and occupied it.

An hour had almost passed in silence before Myrtle's prisoner spoke.

"Miss," he said, for he knew that she was watching the door, "I have a pocketful of lucifers, and, if you do not release me and let me depart, I will fire the house."

"And if you do, sir, I shall open the door and shoot you dead!" was the determined reply.

The firing project was immediately given up.

Then the man tried to force the door, and Myrtle was fearful that he would succeed.

"I shall send a bullet through the door, presently," she said to him.

"She's the grittiest girl I ever saw," the man murmured, as he turned away from the door.

"The window!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I can escape by that."

He had some difficulty in raising the sash; but at last he succeeded. He looked upon the prospect below, when he heard the voice of his jailer.

Turning his head to the right, he beheld her at a window at right angles from him. The revolver covered his head.

"Curse the girl!" he grated, turning back into the room and lowering the sash. "She is fated to beat me. It is no use to attempt to escape any longer. A man can struggle against fate, but can not succeed."

He threw himself despairingly into the arm-chair, and gave up the contest.

Hour after hour, like the wounded snake, dragged its slow length along, and, with the appearance of the shades of evening, came Mr. Scott and his lady, accompanied by their son Jasper, who had arrived in Dorset that day, and encountered their parents on the street.

"Where can Myrtle be?" said Mrs. Scott, with manifest alarm.

"I suppose you will find her so deep in that everlasting 'Jane Eyre' as to be utterly oblivious to any thing which pertains to the real," said Mr. Scott, as they stepped into the house without encountering the little housemaid.

"Myrtle?" cried Mrs. Scott.

"Here!" came the response from the inner portion of the dwelling.

"Why do you not come here?"

"I dare not."

"That is strange language from her," said Mr. Scott, looking strangely at his wife and son.

The next moment they hurried in the direction of the library, and found the brave housemaid guarding the door, revolver in hand.

"Myrtle, what does this mean?" demanded Mr. Scott, glancing at the weapon.

In a few brief sentences Myrtle acquainted them with her adventure, and they were astonished at her daring.

"The villain may have ruined me," said Mr. Scott, thinking of the riches the cabinet contained. "Myrtle, you are a noble girl, and I fear I can never repay you. But we will talk about that some other time. The thief must be attended to."

Wily, the Sampsonian coachman, was called in, and, with his assistance, the man was taken to Dorset, and handed over to the authorities. He proved to be an old offender, who had long had an eye on James View

House and its riches. He knew that Mr. Scott had a brother in Australia, and he had witnessed the departure of the old couple that morning.

"Myrtle," said Mr. Scott that night, admiring the housemaid's bravery, "I found an envelope on the porch this morning. Do you know who lost it?"

"I—I—that is, Mr. Scott—well, I suppose it was mine," she answered, glancing through her long lashes at Jasper.

"It was addressed to you, at any rate," answered the owner of James View, smiling. "And I suppose it came from this young gentleman," and he patted his son on the shoulder.

"Yes, father," said Jasper, boldly. "I shall not deny the impeachment, and I shall conceal the fact no longer, that Myrtle has promised to become my bride."

"What, without our consent?"

"Can you withhold it now?" cried Jasper, "after witnessing the bravery she has displayed? Father, utter the dictates of your heart."

"No, my boy, I can not withhold my consent," said Mr. Scott. "Myrtle's heroism has won you. What do you say, Rebecca?"

"I can love such a brave little girl with all my heart," answered the wife and mother, as she imprinted a kiss upon Myrtle's radiant brow.

Thus were the prejudices of two persons overcome, and they never had cause to regret their decision.

The robber received a long sentence, and, within the walls of a State prison, he often cursed Myrtle's heroism.

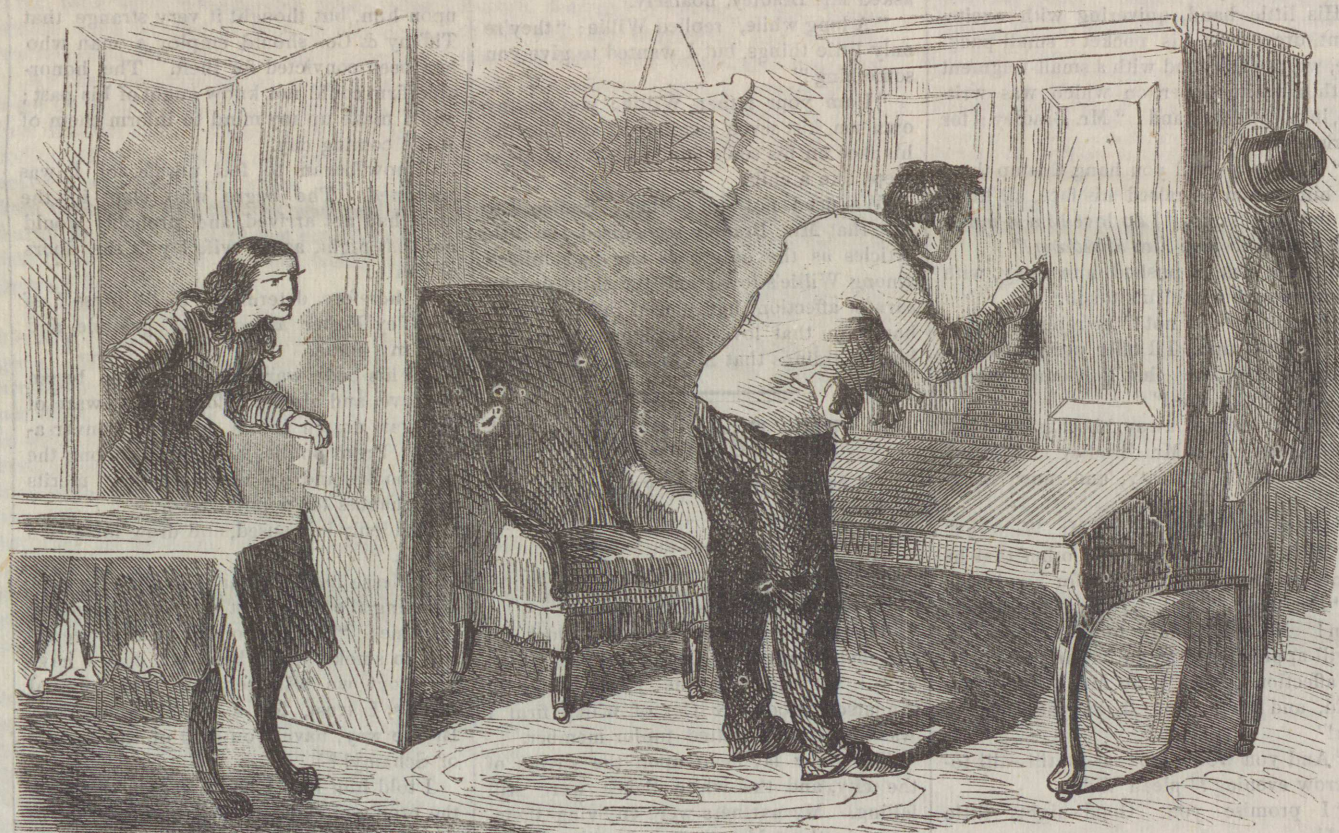
Maud Arnold's Trial: OR, THE BROKEN BETROTHAL.

BY MRS. M. V. VICTOR. AUTHOR OF "THE DEAD LETTER," "FIGURE EIGHT," "WHO OWNED THE JEWELS," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT CROSS-PURPOSES.

In a quaint little French village, close by the sea, the Arnolds were spending the hot summer days. Their establishment was delightful—a tiny, furnished villa, built expressly for summer dwellers, with two ex-



MYRTLE'S HEROISM.

cellent French servants, besides the inestimable Marie. They had good cooking, cool rooms, the sea-breeze, the level stretch of sandy shore for a promenade, the blue waters of ocean for a glory in their sight; altogether their life would have been as pleasant, picturesque, and free from care as their hearts could have desired, had not the great disappointment of her life continued to bear so heavily upon Maud.

They had taken her out of Paris the day after the events recorded in our last chapter. All that day and evening she had remained in a state of intense suspense and expectation. But when the last hour at which visitors could be expected had gone, and there was neither caller nor message, she passed into a sort of dead stupor or faint, the result of overtaking her still delicate system. In this alarming condition she continued half the night, and only came out of it so exhausted and listless as to fill her parents with apprehension.

"If I could get hold of that scoundrel, were it Ward himself, playing these silly pranks, I would shake the folly out of him," muttered her father, annoyed beyond endurance by this new excitement. "Pack our trunks, Marie; for to-morrow we shall move in search of some new scene of quiet. I trust not even that intrusive Southerner will be able to find us out immediately."

So an hour was spent, in the morning, searching the papers for an advertisement of some sea-side situation which he thought would suit them. During the search, he came across, in the police report, a brief reference to the arrest of the American, and immediately guessed that Duncan had gotten himself into trouble, and was glad to know him safe, until Maud could be taken out of his way. He now understood why Duncan had not presented himself, but thought best to keep the knowledge from her. It was his first intention to seek an interview with the prisoner, and decide for himself, once for all, who he was.

While deliberating upon the course to be pursued, the son of his former partner in business, when he had an interest in some French manufactures—a young gentleman, who had been very polite and attentive to them, during their stay in Paris—called to pay his respects to the family, and to propose taking them upon some excursion to the environs.

Maud, pale as her morning-dress, was reclining in a large arm-chair, looking so drooping as to fully corroborate her father's statement that she was ill, and that they thought of leaving, for the sea-shore, that

very day. The young French gentleman cast upon her a glance of tender concern, which betrayed the manner in which his feelings were interested. The lovely American girl had not been five weeks abroad without making a conquest. St. Bernard, who had waited upon them soon after their arrival, had not only been charmed with his father's old friends in general, but with Mademoiselle Maud in particular. He was in love with the genial, homelike air of the Arnolds' menage, and more in love with the fair daughter of the house. Maud met his look of solicitude, but it brought no flush to her cheek; she felt not even a thrill of girlish vanity at this evidence of her power.

Monsieur St. Bernard immediately interested himself in helping Mr. Arnold to a decision as to where to go. He recommended the small village which they resolved to select, as a lovely, retired place, yet with sufficient reputation as a watering-place to insure the accommodations which they would desire. Before noon it was all arranged, and the sunset found them whirling rapidly away from beautiful Paris toward the solemn sea. They took with them the same servants they had previously employed, and were careful not to leave their address with the office or attendants. As their apartments were rented for the season, they left them in charge of the *concierge*.

"And where does Monsieur propose to travel?"

"Oh, several routes. We may go to Geneva,"—a sort of duplicity which Mr. Arnold excused in himself by promising his conscience to go there before the season was over.

When Mr. Randolph called, the evening of their departure, he was well pleased to find them gone, and that they had neglected to leave any particular address. He trusted to his wits to discover their whereabouts should he think it prudent to trouble them by his presence during their absence.

Not so well pleased was the man of two names, who called at the same house, making the same inquiries, about half an hour later.

Randolph had entertained no idea of appearing against his assailant when he should come into court; and as the scrutiny of the police could detect nothing absolutely wrong against Monsieur Duncan, he was released on payment of a fine, and was again a free man, though he understood that he still was under a surveillance which would have been unpleasant had he been conscious of any guilty plans against good order and law.

gentleman had followed them, about a fortnight after they were domiciled in their tiny villa, and had sought an interview with Mr. Arnold, asking permission to address his daughter—soliciting the parents, after the French fashion, to lay his offer of marriage before their child.

At first, Mr. Arnold had refused consent, explaining, that, although highly flattered with the compliment, and sincerely admiring the character of his friend's son, he did not think the state of his daughter's health warranted him in encouraging a suitor; and that she, being their only child, was too dear to them to be resigned to a foreigner, with the prospect of long intervals of separation.

St. Bernard would not receive these excuses, saying, that as long as they entertained no personal objections to himself, he must request them to at least allow mademoiselle the privilege of expressing herself on the subject. Mr. Arnold then went so far as to confess that her present ill-health was due to the melancholy induced by the death of a young gentleman to whom she was betrothed. This information gave St. Bernard great pain—he staid in the village a day or two, looking pale and sad, then returned to the father, renewing his offer, and saying that he was convinced a woman capable of mourning so sincerely for the dead, must have a most loving heart, and that it was his hope to be able to awaken in it a second attachment. When they saw how true was his regard, and of how many pleasant qualities he was possessed, and contemplated the change which had come over their once joyous child, the parents began to wish that his hope might be fulfilled.

They told Maud what he had said. To their surprise, she asked time for deliberation. The offer had come at a lucky moment for the suitor, though at a threatening one for the absent claimant. We all know that after long periods of suspense, despair, inaction, there succeeds a mood of desperation, when one is easily moved to consent to what the fates would appear to have in store.

Maud, having resigned the prospect of happiness, and grieved to see the anxiety of her parents, was tempted to yield to their advice—to accept a heart when she had none to give in return. Any thing seemed to her better than this dreadful monotony. She asked a few days for deliberation, which all concerned were quite willing to grant her. Poor child! none suspected the extent of her suffering during the time of probation. In one hour she would almost bring her

postor. I would also caution you against Mr. Randolph, whom, from the tone of his letter, I suspect to be almost as much of a scamp as the cabinet-maker. With Mrs. Bowen's and my own sincere regards to Mrs. and Miss Arnold, I remain,

"Very truly yours, JOHN BOWEN."

"P. S. One trifling fact causes me some annoyance—indeed, it throws me into a state of doubt to which I would put an end by a trip across the water, were not my business in such a condition as to demand my presence here. It is well known to many of his friends that Ward, with that eccentricity which always marked him, dabbled in cabinet-making while he was abroad—indeed, learned to do some very pretty work. The coincidence is strange—quite enough to awaken suspicion. If such a thing did not seem absolutely impossible, I should almost believe with Miss Maud, that my brother-in-law is still alive. However, I can not really think so. I tell you, that you may be helped to the truth of the case. I dare say nothing to Mrs. Bowen, for she is so susceptible that we should have nothing but hysterics for a month."

This letter threw its recipient into a long reverie. He was not so much astonished at the body of the epistle as he was at the postscript. The story in the former had already been partially revealed to him by Randolph; but that even the matter-of-fact John Bowen should begin to hint at the possibility of his brother-in-law not having left the world as abruptly as it was supposed, gave him "food for thought." He recalled with a new interest, instead of endeavoring to deface the impression, the vivid picture left upon his mind by the person whom he had met in the banking-house. It was true that person did not seem to recognize him, did not even give any sign, as would have been natural to the real Ward, yet an inexplicable expression had flashed across his face as his eye encountered Mr. Arnold's.

"The long and the short of it is, I am going to Paris to hunt him up." Having decided this, Mr. Arnold folded the letter without communicating its contents to the ladies, and the next morning announced his intention of going to the city, "for a change," he said, "and to purchase some little articles needed in the family supplies. In the mean time," he said, to Maud, "let this matter of St. Bernard's remain in abeyance until my return. I will take him back to Paris with me, and persuade him to wait patiently for your decision."

CHAPTER XVI.

RECONSTRUCTION.

MR. ARNOLD had been three days absent in Paris. It was a lovely summer morning; the sunlight, warm but not oppressive, shone into the little parlor of the villa, and glittered on the blue ocean visible from its windows. A light breeze from the sapphire waters fluttered the lace curtains of these windows and brought in the scent of flowers from the tiny garden beneath them. A great pear-tree shadowed half the plot of ground; on a rustic seat against its trunk sat Mrs. Arnold, reading a new English magazine, and occasionally eating a berry from a basket at her side. Maud was alone in the sunlit parlor. She, too, had been reading; but the book wearied her, for she dropped it, listlessly, from her hand, fixing her eyes upon the floor. Long and solemnly she pondered. She was thinking of St. Bernard, and the answer she should give him when her father and the Parisian returned. That mood of commingled indifference and weariness which had induced a tacit consent to the young man's addresses, slowly but surely passed away.

"No, no, never!" She spoke the words aloud. Her own voice roused her from her reverie. She arose and walked restlessly about the room. Now she looked at herself in the tall mirror, now bent over the vase of flowers on the little marble slab underneath the glass. Perhaps it was the odor of these flowers which so affected her? It was a simple bouquet of violets, fresh and full of sweetness. No influence is so searching, not even that of a strain of remembered music, as that of the perfume of flowers with which some act or thought is associated, to recall the past to memory.

Maud was in America again. She was at home, in their own charming villa on the Hudson; it was a day late in summer, a golden morning like this; she, dressed in blue, and happy as girls are, in their girlish dreams, was walking about the pleasant parlor, even as she walked now, when she was surprised, by the entrance of an unexpected visitor; she blushed, she looked beautiful; she was afraid he would notice the sudden throbbing of her heart; it was Ward Tunnicliffe, who had come out from the city to call upon her, and whom she now suspected, for the first time, to be the hero of her future—the arbiter of her destiny. He brought her a bunch of violets—the simplest thing he could bring; but he gave it to her with a look which changed her girlish fancies to the emotions of a woman.

As she drew breath above these violets here in France, she was living over again that happy morning in America. All consciousness of St. Bernard fled afar—a foreign, a distasteful memory; only Ward and herself lived and loved, were together, and were happy. The blue waters which glistened, instead of being the sea upon an alkali shore, were the bright-flowing waves of the Hudson.

So fully was she engrossed in reclaiming the past that she hardly changed color when she heard some one speak her name; and turning, beheld Ward Tunnicliffe standing in the room, alone with her, his hands held eagerly forth to grasp hers and draw her to him. Again doubt vanished, as it always did when she actually beheld this person.

"Oh, Ward," she said, simply, "how cruel you have been to me!"

"I know it. I have been everything that was impatient and wicked and senseless, my darling. But, my foolish face is at an end, never to be played again. I am not to blame, however, for our painful separation since we came to Paris. It has worked upon me, I think, as severely as upon you. That first day of my arrival I could not get my affairs into shape in time to present myself properly before your father, as I intended, (for I did not propose to test your faith in me by asking for a private marriage, as I had suggested in New York), and the following morning, that haunting shadow of ours, Randolph, contrived to have me arrested, and, before I could free myself from prison, you had again taken flight. I gave chase in the wrong direction, and have been following will-o'-the-wisps ever since. I haven't the grace to explain it all now. Your father is in possession of the facts. All I desire—all I can do—is to look at you, to touch you, to be sure that I really have sight and hearing of my darling."



He held her hand tightly, he drew her close to his side, and smiled down into her eyes with his own full of joy. The long anguish of a year and a half swept out of her memory; like a child wearied with some excitement, she leaned her head against him, answering his smile, while tears gathered and fell from the intensity of her content. As he looked upon the happy face, so bright, yet so worn and pale, a spasm of remorse contracted his own; he felt that hot film pass over his eyes which is the near approach of strong men to weeping.

"What will father say? Can you explain?"

It was strange to herself that she did not doubt him—that she was willing to take the past on trust. Complete as was her own confidence, however, she felt that there were others to be propitiated.

"Father has already said 'his say'; it remains, now, for his daughter to decide whether she can 'forgive and forget.'"

Maud turned in surprise. Mr. Arnold stood in the room, looking so placid as to show that the astonishment, on his part, was all over with.

"Father!"

"I went to Paris expressly to find the young gentleman. I have been entirely successful in my mission. This is the person whom I found, after a short search. He was as diligently occupied, at the time, in searching for me. Whoever or whatever he is, was, or shall be, such as I found I accepted. I leave it for you to decide, Maud, whether this be Ward Tunnecliffe, his ghost, his double, or a base counterfeit of the original man."

"You laugh, father. But you are now convinced, surely, who it is?"

"There have been complications which make the matter doubtful. Do not be too easily convinced, my child."

"You may say any thing you please, father. I will not dispute now. I am simply fully satisfied."

"Without an explanation?"

"Without a word." There was a bright smile on her face—more like a still radiance than a smile; there was no color in her cheek, yet she did not look pale—light seemed to take the place of bloom.

"Well, Mr. Tunnecliffe, all I can say is, that you have not, as yet, proved yourself worthy of such faith," remarked Mr. Arnold.

"I know it," was the humble reply. "I only wish that to confess my faults was to insure their forgiveness—that to repent of them was to overcome them. There is a long and frightful list of them: obstinacy, high temper, impatience, indiscretion, wrath, blindness of passion, foolhardiness—every thing but rascality. That I leave to my excellent brother-in-law, and Mr. Reginald Randolph, F. F. V."

"It will be very pleasant to you to find fault with yourself, when that young lady shakes her head in such flattering dissent," said Mr. Arnold, good-naturedly. "Well, well! I make it up between yourselves. For my part, I am hungry. And I wish to greet Mrs. Arnold with a good-morning. Where shall I find your mother?"

"Step through the window into the garden, papa—she is there under the pear-tree."

"I will bring her in to witness the wonderful resurrection; and then I shall demand some lunch."

Prosaic middle-age! The young people in the parlor did not feel as if they should ever require food again.

Mr. Arnold returned, in a few moments, with his wife. He, evidently, had not prepared her whom to expect, for when she saw the young man standing there, holding Maud's hand, and looking slightly embarrassed and high-colored, she paused, broke off the sentence she was speaking, growing quite pale; but her piercing glance rested on him, until, apparently assured, she held out her hand, saying:

"If it isn't Ward, it's his ghost."

"You called me insane for saying the same thing," cried Maud, archly.

"Well, you have made us a great deal of trouble, Ward; I only hope that you have reasonable excuses to urge."

"My excuses are far from reasonable, dear Mrs. Arnold. They are as wild and wrong as they can be; but, such as they are, you shall have them. Will you listen to them now?"

Mr. Arnold slipped out on a foraging expedition to the pantries; he had heard the story once, and was not interested in its repetition.

Ward led the two ladies to a sofa, and was not reproved when he chose a seat very close to the younger.

(To be continued—Commenced in No. 38.)

Willie's Gift.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY EVA EVERGREEN.

It was the night before Christmas Eve, and from the little parish church situated in the village of Danbury, Connecticut, gleamed forth a few lights, which told that work of some kind was going on within its walls. Let us enter and find out who are its occupants. It was a quiet little church, with two broad aisles leading up to the altar, at the foot of which stood two persons busily engaged in decorating the

beautiful Christmas tree, which stretched its green branches far over their heads.

Already several festoons of popcorn nestled like snow among its foliage, strung from branch to branch; and pleased with having achieved so much of his task, the sexton bent down, after one admiring glance, and proceeded to arrange some other articles for suspension. While he was thus engaged, the door of the church was pushed softly open, and a childish form advanced timidly up the aisle, and pausing at last in front of the tree, gazed upon it with earnest admiration, but without uttering a word, and unperceived by either of the two men.

At last, however, the sexton raised himself from his sitting posture; and as he turned partly around, his eye fell upon the child.

"What business have you got in here, I'd like to know?" he exclaimed, angrily. "Did you ever see such presumption, Mr. Bradley? the idea of that young one poking his nose in here to spy out what we're doing!"

But the minister—for such he was—looked down upon the trembling little stranger with a kindly glance in his pleasant eyes.

"Why, it's little Willie Sayres," he exclaimed, and the next moment he held the child's small hand in a warm, affectionate clasp; "don't be harsh with him, Walters! he's one of our best Sunday-school scholars. You haven't seen many such merry times as we will have to-morrow night, have you?"

"No, sir," replied the child, gazing up at the kindly face with looks of fond reverence; but I didn't come in to see it to-night. I—I only wanted to ask Mr. Walters something."

"Well, run along and ask him, little one," and Mr. Bradley sat wearily down on one of the benches, while Willie turned to where the sexton was once more stooping over a pile of things.

"Mr. Walters," he said, in a whisper, "will you please put this—this on the tree for Mr. Bradley?"

His little hand, quivering with excitement, drew from his pocket a small package, wrapped around with a small fragment of thin white paper, on which was written, in a childish hand: "Mr. Bradley; for Christmas."

"Will you—will you hang this up there for him?" and he raised his face, all flushed and pleading. "I do love him so much, and I want to give him something!"

But the sexton pushed him away, with a sharp roughness in his touch.

"Of course I'll not!" he replied, harshly; "do you think I'd offer our minister a forlorn thing like that? Come, young one, get along home!"

The child turned away, his chest heaving with distress; but Mr. Bradley had heard the accents of entreaty, and now interposed.

"What does Willie want, Mr. Walters?" "He's got some trash or other that he wants me to put on the tree for you!"

"For me? Well, let him put it on, then! No matter how humble it may be, I will appreciate it as an offering of childish affection. Give it to Mr. Walters, my child, and he'll hang it on the tree for you!"

"And you won't look at it till—till to-morrow evening?" pleaded Willie.

"I promise you. Good-night, little one!"

Mr. Bradley let his hand fall gently upon Willie's curly head for a moment, and then, as he turned away, he gazed after him with tears in his eyes. The sexton once more bustled about, arranging the different articles upon the tree; but the pastor sat quiet, with a world of sad memories crowding upon the mind. On just such a clear, starlight night, seven years before, had he lost his Willie, a merry, winsome child of three years; and on this quiet evening the father's heart was well-nigh bursting!

He remembered only too well how his little one had come bounding toward him to kiss him for good-by, before starting out with his nurse to buy some presents; how, several hours later, when the night was closing in, the girl had come back, with blanching cheeks and horror-struck countenance, to tell him that the child was lost! That while she had stood in a crowded store, selecting some toys for him, a number of persons had crowded by her, and the next moment she missed little Willie; nor could all her anguished search restore him.

He remembered the terrible sickness which had stricken him down and brought him to the very gates of death; of the following years of fruitless search, and the heavy load of despair which had finally settled upon his heart.

He had sought to assuage this grief by interesting himself in the Sunday-school scholars; and their affection had soothed him a great deal; but toward none had he felt his heart go out as it did toward little Willie Sayres. The child had been picked up a year before by one of the village people, while on a visit to the city; and from the first moment that Mr. Bradley had taken his little hand and spoken kindly to him, Willie had poured forth the whole wealth of his affection upon him, while Mr. Bradley had felt such a yearning in his heart toward him, that he had more than once thought of adopting him from the people who had taken charge of him.

Mr. Bradley sat there for a long time;

but, rising at last, he wended his way homeward, and told the simple little occurrence to his wife.

"Little darling!" she murmured, in a voice full of tears; "oh! that he were our Willie! that God would restore to us our lost darling again!"

Christmas Eve came clear and beautiful. The pretty church, festooned with evergreens, and beautified by the majestic tree, whose many lights twinkled like stars through the rich foliage, was crowded with happy children, and as Mr. Bradley looked down upon their sparkling, expectant faces, and heard their clear, joyous voices ringing through each cadence of the beautiful Christmas hymns, he forgot for a while his great bereavement, and lifted his heart in thankfulness to that God who had granted them this happiness!

And then, in the midst of delighted exclamations from the children, Mr. Bradley advanced to the tree, and taking down, one by one, the beautiful presents with which it was loaded, read off the names attached to them. At last the presents were nearly all distributed, and then, bending down, Mr. Bradley took a small package from the tree, and read aloud:

"Mr. Bradley; for Christmas."

A strange tremor took possession of him as he opened the little parcel, and there fell into his hands a tiny gold ring and a little book; that was all.

Mr. Bradley looked inside the ring, and his eye fell on two letters, "W. B.;" then he opened the book; on the fly-leaf he read, "Willie Bradley; from his loving papa." And then the strong man turned white and quivered like a leaf, while a smothered "My God, thou hast heard me!" burst from his lips.

"Where is the child who left this for me?" he gasped, as soon as he could speak.

"Here, sir," and the sexton led forth little Willie Sayres, his fair cheeks flushed, his sweet blue eyes fixed earnestly upon the minister's face.

"Child, how long have you had these?" asked Mr. Bradley, hoarsely.

"A long while," replied Willie; "they're only little things, but I wanted to give you something!"

"I am your father, Willie: you are my own son, lost seven years ago," and bowing his face on his son's fair head, the minister wept like a child.

We need not go further. Suffice it to say, that Mrs. Bradley recognized the little articles as the only ones she had missed among Willie's toys; and the child, led by earnest affection, had placed in his father's hands, on that lovely Christmas night, the blessed tidings that his lost son was found!

The Fatal Cigar.

A STORY OF A NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

It was New Year's Eve, 1859. The hands of more than one clock on the shelves proclaimed the hour of seven, and I sat alone in the jewelry store of Anderson, Moody & Co., of which firm I was the lately-admitted junior member.

The snow lay deep upon the streets of the city, and the white flakes were still falling. My partners were enjoying themselves in the midst of their families, and I, seated at a respectful distance from a red-hot stove, was thinking of the New Year's Eves of other days.

My heart that night was very light. I little thought of the heaviness that would oppress it at the dawn of the blessed New Year. That last day of the old year I had "turned a new leaf," preparatory to entering the new one. I had vowed that the wine-cup, which I had too often raised to my lips, should be abandoned forever, and I had paid the last and only debt I owed in the world.

During the winter months we generally closed the store at six o'clock; but this, being New Year's eve, it was decided to keep unlocked doors till eight, to accommodate persons who would be sure to purchase New Year's presents in our line at the "eleventh hour."

Between six and seven several customers dropped in, and as I would rather sit by the fire alone than tire with their presence, I disposed of them in a hurry, and seven o'clock, as I have said, found me the sole occupant of the large room, which contained jewelry, etc., to the amount of thousands of dollars.

The minute hand of the clocks was covering six, when a man entered the store and came toward me. I saw at once that he was a stranger, and I rose to my feet. I did not like the idea of strangers encountering me in that place and at that hour.

The man was quite handsome, wore a high-crowned beaver, a chinchilla overcoat, and carried a large valise.

I did not speak until he had drawn his gloves and deposited his valise on the counter.

"This is a disagreeable night," I said, eyeing him closely.

He was about my own age, which was twenty-eight.

He made some reply to my remark which I did not clearly catch, drew a card from his card-pocket, and handed it to me.

"Ah! a 'runner,'" I murmured, as I

stepped nearer the gas jets, and examined the card, which read:

J. RILEY FOSTER,

WITH TIFFANY & Co.,

Dealers in Fine Jewelry, Precious Stones, Watches, etc.,

No. 550 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

"Ah! Mr. Foster," I said, extending my hand. "I am happy to see you. Please be seated, sir."

He said something which sounded very pleasant, dropped into a chair, and shook the snow from his beaver.

"The snow is falling quite fast just now," he said, "and we shall have a white New Year, if we had a brown Christmas. I aimed to reach your city at least three weeks ago, knowing that I could sell a vast deal of holiday jewelry to your jewelers; but my wife was taken sick, and, therefore, my trip was delayed until it was too late to sell for the holidays."

As he paused I rose, turned the jets higher, and resumed my seat.

The runner continued to brush his hat, and I fixed my eyes upon him. The longer I looked the stronger grew my belief that I had seen that face before.

But where?

After a great deal of hard thinking, I fixed place and date to my satisfaction. Tyrone, Pennsylvania, March 19th, 1855. On that particular day I stood in a courtroom, and saw that face on the prisoner's stand!

"Mr. Foster," I said, "I have seen you before."

"Quite probable," he answered, looking up, "as I have traveled this great country of ours from Maine to Texas."

"Were you not in Tyrone in 'fifty-five?"

"Tyrone, Tyrone—I do not think I was."

But I just knew that he was there, and I could not get the thought out of my head.

However, I did not press the matter upon him, but thought it very strange that Tiffany & Co. should employ a man who had been convicted for theft. The honorable firm could not know aught of his past; and I made up my mind to inform them of it the coming day.

I now began to feel unsafe, for I was unarmed. The negro who slept in the store had not arrived, and probably would not that night, as his wife lay at the doors of death.

I, therefore, determined to rid myself of J. Riley Foster as soon as possible, and seek my home.

As his body warmed, his tongue began to move, and almost before I was aware of it I was drawn into a political conversation. From politics he jumped among the new books, and we discussed their merits and chances for popular favor.

Suddenly he paused, and drew forth two cigars.

"Please have a cigar, Knight," he said, selecting the shapeliest one and extending it to me. "Let us continue our conversation in smoke, and when our cigars have gone out, we will separate with mutual wishes, I trust, for a happy New Year. By the way, have you read of the capture of Schamy?"

I told him that I had not, and, as I took the proffered cigar, he began an account of the capture of the world-renowned barbaric chieftain.

"This cigar has a curious taste," I remarked, taking it from my mouth and giving it a cursory examination in the gas-light.

"I was waiting for you to make some such remark, to inform you that it is of an entirely new brand. For my part, I am decidedly partial to the flavor; but, then, I have smoked them almost incessantly for several months. You will find the cigar quite acceptable after a longer acquaintance."

I must confess to the reader that the flavor was not at all disagreeable. It had a very pleasing effect upon my nerves, and I smoked as fast as I could.

By-and-by my head grew heavy, and I felt sleep stealing over me. Foster was on the then-proposed but since-accomplished Suez canal, and his words grew unintelligible.

At last they ceased altogether, for I had fallen into the arms of Morpheus.

I wish I could finish my story right here by saying, that finding me poor company, Foster left the store quietly, disturbing nothing, and that I waked in a short time and went home; or, as I wished the next morning, that I was found, frozen to death at daylight beside a cold stove.

The visions that visited me as I lay fast asleep in my chair were very pleasant ones.

Precisely how long I slept I can not tell; but I awoke at five o'clock, the first day of the new year.

I occupied several moments in realizing my situation. At first I thought I was in my cozy chamber, and on my couch; but the many clocks on the shelves told me that I was in the store.

Then I thought of J. Riley Foster.

I looked for him but he was gone!

I rose to my feet and pressed my hands

to my head which ached terribly. Then the crushing thought darted across my mind. I had been drugged!

I staggered back and clutched the chair. It was with difficulty that I prevented my

self from falling. But I was a man, and I resolved to show my manhood.

My first move was to the safe, the door of which I found wide open, and the drawers moneyless! Half-faint, despite my resolutions of firmness, I staggered rather than walked to the show-cases. Not a gold watch remained, and every necklace, bracelet, and valuable ring had disappeared.

I ran to the door to give the alarm, but I could not open it. Foster had abstracted the key from my pocket, and locked me within the store. But I could open the shutters from the inside, and I did so. I dashed one of the large glass to pieces with my bare clenched hand, and in an incredibly short space of time the daring robbery was known over the entire city.

The police were soon on the alert; but the scoundrel was not to be found.

Oh, how I upbraided myself for entertaining Foster for a single moment; but upbraidings would not return the jewels and the money.

A medical examination of the portion of my cigar which remained unsmoked disclosed the fact that it contained a quantity of opium, which had rendered me senseless, while Foster helped himself to what ever pleased his eye.

A telegram was sent to Tiffany & Co., informing them of their 'runner's' rascality; but the firm disclaimed all knowledge of Foster, and he stood doubly-dyed a villain.

Ah! that was a sad New Year's for Anderson, Moody & Co., especially for the junior member of the firm: reader, your humble servant. Foster had carried away money, jewels, etc., to the amount of forty thousand dollars!

I don't know how I spent that New Year's day. I wish I could forget the circumstance I have just related.

One thing I know I did do before I closed my eyes after the robbery; I swore that another cigar should never enter my mouth!

Few years have passed away, and this is New Year's Eve. But how different from the one of which I have written!

True, the wind howls down the street, and the snow is falling; but I am seated at my table at home, near my wife, and my children are romping over the floor.

But where is J. Riley Foster to-night? Ah! where he should be—in Sing Sing, serving out a twenty years' sentence for robbery.

They caught him, then? Yes, in New Orleans, twelve months after my New Year's Eve, a shrewd detective nabbed the rascal. Of course he had disposed of the stolen jewelry; but my evidence sent him "up."

There's my 'plain, unvarnished tale,' and, dear readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL, for wearying through it, from the depths of my heart I wish you, one and all, a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A Tussle with "Old Eph."

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

The sun was just in its meridian, and its rays came down hot and heavy upon the narrow path that led down the rugged slope of Sierra Nevada.

I had been warned to keep a sharp lookout for "Old Ephraim"—as the grizzlies are called by the mountain-men—it being asserted that, from some unknown cause, they had gathered in great numbers in that section at that particular season. However, I was thinking of almost every thing else at the time, probably revolving in my mind the net profits that would accrue from a cattle-trade I had made that day, when my attention was abruptly aroused by a quick snort from my mare, who, with ears erect and distended eyes, was gazing directly up the slope above the path.

It took no second glance to see what the trouble was for, not more than forty yards distant, charging with open mouth, came two huge grizzlies, evidently bent on the very worst kind of mischief.

The spur was not needed, for the mare, as much, if not more, frightened than I was, shot off down the steep decline like a living rocket.

But it was this exceeding haste that came near being my destruction, and lost me as fine an animal as there was in that whole region.

The path, steep and rugged, was ill adapted to the gait the mare was going, and the catastrophe that I was fearing quickly came. She had not gone a hundred yards when her left foot became entangled, or wedged in a crevice that cut the trail at right angles, and down she went, "all of a heap," while I pitched forward over her head a distance of ten feet or more.

Stunned and bleeding, I arose with the horrid roar of the brutes ringing in my ears, and hastily cocking my six-shooter, glanced back up the path.

The mare evidently had broken her leg in the fall, and was vainly struggling to regain her feet, the while looking back over her shoulder with an expression of fear that was almost human.

I supposed the mare would prove tempting enough to stop both my pursuers, and with this hope, I turned and fled down the mountain with the speed of a locomotive. I heard the shrill yell of agony from my poor beast as the hungry brutes

fastened upon her throat, and then all was, for a moment, still.

I already began to fancy I was free, but nevertheless kept up a good round pace, when, suddenly, this charming prospect was completely upset by a deep, angry growl immediately in my rear.

I did not look back; there was no necessity. I knew what was there, and summoning all my energies—I had weakened considerably at the sound—I quickly sprang on one side, and, as the bear brushed by me, unable to check his momentum, on hands and knees scrambled up the almost perpendicular cliff that overhung the trail at this point.

Twenty feet up I found the top, only a narrow ledge, perhaps five or six paces wide, the further side terminating in a precipice that formed the near wall of a chasm whose depths I could not even guess at.

Panting and thoroughly unnerved, I panted and strove to regain breath and courage. I was not long permitted to remain inactive. First, the sharp, peaked ears, then the ugly muzzle, following which came the enormous head and shaggy chest of Old Eph, telling me that the tug of war had come. He was drawing himself slowly up the steep by means of his sharp, powerful claws, which found hold in the crevices of the rock.

I emptied four chambers of my "navy" right into his head, throat and chest, but with no other apparent effect than to make him growl and snap angrily. The other two I reserved for closer quarters.

There was no retreat. I must stand and fight it out, or else choose the less painful death of a leap into the unknown depths before me.

I accepted the former alternative, and braced myself for the attack which I saw was coming.

Thoroughly infuriated by the wounds, the bear rushed at me savagely. Again I fired, and again—the last shot delivered square into his throat as he held the barrel gripped in his teeth.

Letting go the pistol, I stepped back a pace to draw my knife.

Who can say we are not always in the hands of an overruling Providence? Certainly not I, for in this action, which I blindly deemed my last, came my deliverance. Entirely absorbed in watching the motions of my enemy, I had forgotten that my back was toward the precipice, and, in retreating to gain a moment's time, I had not properly calculated the distance.

My foot barely grazed the edge of the cliff, and I felt myself going over just as the bear made his spring. He must have been blinded, either by rage or the blood that was pouring from a wound in his head, or he would never have taken that leap.

Down—down—down—at least it seemed so—I went, until, after a lapse of what appeared an age, I brought up on the flat of my back, considerably jarred, but not otherwise injured. As I struck I chanced to glance outward, just in time to see Old Eph cutting the air in his downward flight, turning over and over as he went; a moment later a dull crash from the depths below conveyed to me the pleasing intelligence that he, at least, was done for. I found that I had lodged upon a narrow shelf that projected from the face of the wall, and that I had scarce fallen half a dozen feet in all.

I scrambled up, looked cautiously around for the other monster, and finding the coast clear, made off down the mountain on the "double-quick."

The following day I returned with a party of mountain-men, recovered my saddle and fixings—there was but little left of the poor mare—and taking the trail of the remaining grizzly, ran him to earth, and, after a hard-fought battle, secured his scalp as a trophy.

Cruiser Crusoe:

LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFORCE.

NUMBER FORTY-THREE.

Now began one of those long and wearisome waitings which make the heart sink. Of course, the action by fire we knew must be a slow proceeding, but, at the same time, it was dreadful to be waiting all this time in the darkness, unaware of their proceedings, while the labor and care of so many years was being destroyed.

We could hear, even over the noise of the fire, the cries and groans of those who had fallen from above, until at length our dogs came rushing in, as if unable any longer to endure the heat. We made them pass within the inner cave, where, as the reader is already aware, there was a magnificent spring of potable and excellent water.

We conversed, and I learned many things which made my heart beat more wildly than it ever had done previously; but as I design, before continuing much further my own extraordinary adventures, to briefly explain what had happened to them, I will not unnecessarily break my narrative. It was told to me by bits and scraps, so that it needed much explanation. And thus another day wore away and night came.

We sat round the entrance of my inner

cave, with our weapons to our hands, occasionally taking some refreshment, while the skipper indulged in a smoke.

They all slept but myself. I could not feel that inclination to slumber which at other times I should have so freely indulged in. There were many reasons for this; the most important was in connection with certain revelations which had been made to me. All this time I kept my eyes fixed on the entrance to the cave, which, after having been some time lit up by the lurid flames, was gradually relapsing into darkness.

Suddenly I heard strange noises in my cave. Had I been dozing, and had the savages taken advantage of my brief slumber to creep in? It was a fearful doubt. But something must be done; so, without taking the trouble to wake my companions—indeed, I did not think of it—I fired.

The cavern was full of them. They were everywhere. They were groping about in the dark in my kitchen, bedroom, and store-room. When, however, my gun exploded with a terrible report, they made a furious rush toward me. But my companions were ready; they fired the battery and then single guns. Such shrieks, and yells, and groans, intermingled with the reports of the deadly weapons, surely were never heard of in Pandemonium.

"Keep them at bay a moment," I said, "and then do as I do."

I had lit a taper in a corner, and had opened the mysterious box to which I have already alluded. From this I took first a bundle of rockets, and when I and my friends had discharged one of these each, I followed up by such a shower of catharine-wheels, dragons, and such fireworks as fly about of themselves, as turned the cave into a very furnace.

Sparks, flames, with an awful odor of sulphur, added to the terrible nature of this cannonade, which being continued five minutes, we stopped, and retreating into the inner cave some distance, lay down to allow the smoke to pass over our heads. This took some considerable time; after which, quite satisfied to trust to our dogs, we remained still, and slept until morning.

My cave, on examination as soon as we were all again up and ready, proved to be in a dreadful state. There were nine dead bodies, killed not all by our guns, but by heavy pieces of stone, which had fallen from the roof. The disorder was perfectly fearful, and then the very first consideration was to rid ourselves of what would soon prove a horrible nuisance.

But first we went out to peer into the country, to see if the savages were really gone. We used every precaution, being armed to the teeth, and taking with us all our dogs. We threw ourselves out, in, as it were, skirmishing order, keeping, however, in sight of one another—creeping behind bushes, crawling at times—but not a trace of the savages was to be seen. My fortunate preservation of what seemed in my state so useless a thing as a box of fireworks, had terrified them far more than the guns, which they had begun faintly to understand.

It was some time, however, before we became convinced that we were safe; and, indeed, we were not fully convinced of that, until at length reaching the heights, we saw the savages in full retreat toward the continent. Their canoes were being urged through the water at a pace which plainly indicated the terror with which they had been smitten.

Still, the discovery by these warlike savages of my retreat was something to fill us with perpetual alarm, as, once recovered from their present abject terror, they might take heart, and return in such overwhelming numbers as to utterly destroy us, and render any attempt at defense useless.

A council of war was then held. It had been already agreed that the whole colony which had been left on the mainland should be transported to my island, and well housed; while an effort was to be made to build such a ship as would enable us to reach a point on the African coast frequented by trading vessels, one of which would certainly give us a passage home.

The erection of such a fabric would, however, be a work of time, and it behooved us to be prepared to spend at least another year on the island. Such are human calculations!

The first thing was to be prepared to feed so largely-increased a colony. But this, to me, offered no great difficulty; and to convince my companions of this, I proposed a survey of my island. This was readily agreed to, and my zebra and horse, both of which excited their unbounded admiration, being caught, were loaded with provisions and necessities for our journey.

It was a change, indeed, from my solitary state, to find myself at the head of a cavalcade, composed of three men, two horses, and a drove of dogs. It was with a delight that may be imagined, but not described, that I pointed out all the different scenes of my mishaps and misfortunes, as well as of my many mercies and happinesses. Many things which had been forgotten now recurred to me, and I pointed them out with pride.

Nor did I forget to tell my father how much I had benefited by the education he had given me, and how those early lessons of wisdom and courage had served me in my perilous straits, from the time when I was cast away on a bleak coast—my whole riches, a knife and an oyster-shell—until now, when I had my herds and flocks,

and all else that man could need here below.

My plantation first engaged their attention, which seemed to them wonderful, until they recollected the extraordinary fertility of the climate and soil, which only required to be turned up with a stick to produce anything that man could wish for. Still, with the prospect of so many mouths to feed, it would have to be increased. This was task number one.

My piggery both astonished, delighted and amazed them, especially as the pigs were very lean and savage. Their rapid increase had begun to make food scarce, so we at once set to work to thin them, selecting the largest and fattest, which we concealed in a deep and secluded thicket, to be salted on our return, which would be the next day, if, indeed, the wild beasts and vultures did not in the mean time find them out.

As soon as we left the piggery, I must confess that my heart beat with considerable emotion at the prospect of showing them the valley of the gazelles, and I determined that it should prove to them a perfect dramatic hit. These animals, as well as the ostriches, had been driven to Crater Valley before the eruption of the Fans, so that when they came to the end of the first valley, I cried a halt under a grove of palms, where I proposed that we should dine.

This settled, I left them, taking with me only my shepherd dogs, and strolled up toward the partition which I had made in the feeding grounds of my animals. The intervening space was soon passed over, and in ten minutes more my extraordinary flock of gazelles and ostriches were bounding joyously into the "fresh fields and pastures new," which they were evidently delighted to be allowed to revisit.

"My dear boy," cried my father, shaking me by the hand, "what perseverance, what courage, and what foresight you have displayed!"

"I have been miserable and despondent enough, dear sir," I replied, "but Heaven at last sent me resignation, and, believing that my fate was inseparably connected with this solitary island, I determined to submit, and to create for myself as many companions and as much occupation as lay in my power."

"Well thought of, my son; labor, after all, is the only cure for mental suffering. But tell us how it was you organized this beautiful valley?"

We sat down to dinner, and while discussing that meal I recapitulated some of my more remarkable adventures, and described how, by means of the lasso, I had procured myself my flock. I then added a description of my labors in preparing a pen for them, which narration agreeably occupied the time until dinner was over.

I now proposed that we should leave the animals and provisions here, where I intended to pass the night, and that we should spend the afternoon in exploring the neighboring country in search of a spot where we might find both a dockyard and timber at hand to commence our vessel. This all agreed to, the horses were hopped, the dogs, all but Tiger, were tied up, and away we started in a northerly direction.

My cave in the rock had given considerable satisfaction to my friends as a place of retreat in the hour of danger, but, at the same time, it was manifestly unsuited to the residence of so many people; nor could it even hold them. One of our objects, therefore, was to select a place where a village could be erected on a spot both fertile and capable of defense.

For this purpose we kept our eyes sharply about us. My own opinion was in favor of a spot near the jungle of bamboos which had been of such great service to me, and in this direction I led my party. They were delighted at every step by some novelty that I pointed out. At length we reached the spot where I had first fallen upon bamboos, and here we halted.

The bamboos grew over a considerable space, perhaps a mile in length, and about two hundred yards wide. Behind this was a running stream, which, meeting with impediments of rocks, had spread over a very large space of ground. On the other side of this were some gigantic trees, which we only discovered by forcing our way through the bamboos.

These trees were the largest I had ever seen. Not a sign of brushwood was visible, but a green, grassy turf rising in a gentle slope from the river.

"This is the spot!" I cried. "Here we may erect our village, and here shall we find both a place for launching our bark, and plenty of wood to build it."

"Yes!" cried my father; "it is indeed a beautiful spot. I could willingly pass the rest of my days, Alfred, on your marvelous island."

At this instant, as we were standing on the skirt of the jungle, a crash was heard in the bamboos behind us, and then something of enormous size came bounding in our direction. By a common instinct we ran up to our middles in water and waited, our guns cocked and our hearts beating.

The very absence of all noise made us dread, we knew not what.

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A CHANGE.

BY FRANK S. FINN.

When I was poor, and fortune frowned,
I'd scarce a place to lay my head,
My home, a cellar underground,
Some wisps of straw composed my bed.
My coat was tattered, thin and old,
My other garments soiled and frayed,
The wind so searching, bleak and cold,
In them the game of hide and seek there played;
There were no friends my heart to cheer,
No hand to offer me a home,
The world to me looked dark and drear,
And I a wanderer all alone.

When I was rich and fortune smiled,
And I had all I could desire,
I found that friends my hours beguiled,
And many forms pressed round my fire;
My garments, cut in newest form,
Seemed like a passport through each clime,
I often turned away to mourn
That there had not been always mine.
And thus it is where'er we go,
No matter where we chance to range,
We'll always find 'twixt joy and woe,
And rich and poor our friends will change.

The Scarlet Secret.

AN EPISODE OF THE CRESCENT CITY.

BY JOSEPH E. BADGER, JR.

It was one of those old two-story French built houses in Rue de Bienville in the "Crescent City." In a richly-furnished chamber of the second story, there sat, or rather reclined the form of a young lady in the depths of an easy-chair. The lamp was burning low, but it emitted sufficient light to show that she was of more than ordinary beauty and grace of form.

She was dressed in a light, fleecy ball robe, and had returned not long since, having felt a sudden indisposition, and gained her chamber unseen by the servants. Recovering from her faintness, she sunk into a deep reverie.

Suddenly she was aroused by a strange, muffled sound as of some one choking while endeavoring to speak or cry aloud. The noise proceeded from her uncle's room, the one adjoining hers, and without pausing for reflection, the girl stepped into the landing and flung open the door, advancing a step into the apartment.

It was a horrible sight that met her gaze; one that bereft her of all power of motion and transfixed her to the spot as if frozen. She saw the bleeding form of her uncle upon the bed, and bending over it the shape of a young man, whose face, despite the terror that was imprinted upon it as he turned toward her, the fatal knife still clutched in his hand, was handsome and attractive.

"Helen—you here! I left you at the ball!"

The girl tottered as she heard his words, and would have fallen had not the murderer sprung forward, and catching her sinking form in his arms, bore her into her own chamber. She had fainted, but nevertheless he bound her hands and tied a heavy handkerchief over her mouth, effectually gagging her. He left the room for a few moments, and then returning, lifted the slight form of the girl, and wrapping a heavy shawl around her, left the house by a rear door, passing through the yard into a narrow alley.

The night was intensely dark and stormy, but the man did not heed the blustering wind nor the driving rain, and strode on swiftly through by-streets until he paused before a tall, gloomy-looking frame-house, and knocked thrice. The door was slightly moved, and then, after a short, whispered dialogue, was opened wide to admit the man and his burden.

Passing quickly along the dark entry with an unfaltering step as though perfectly familiar with its surroundings, the man descended a short flight of steps and unlocked a heavy, iron-bound door with a key taken from his breast. Entering, still in the dark, he placed the muffled figure in a chair, and then ignited a candle upon a small stand. He removed the shawl and bonds, and then left the room, turning the key in the lock as he closed the door.

It was, perhaps, an hour ere the maiden recovered her consciousness, and opening her large, lustrous eyes, gleamed frightfully around the room. This was large in extent, and hung upon all sides with a heavy drape of some dark stuff. At one end of the apartment there stood a long, plain coffin upon two three-legged stools, and resting upon this ghastly piece of furniture, was a gleaming white human skull.

Helen uttered a low cry as she noted these details, and, shuddering, covered her face with her hands and sunk forward against the table before her. Intense grief and apprehension filled her heart and mind, added to a vague, indefinite fear for her own safety.

Helen Marlowe was an orphan and had been adopted by her uncle, Roger Soane, a wealthy and somewhat eccentric bachelor who had also greatly befriended his two nephews, Arthur Moore and Ambrose Tyndale. The former of these was a student of medicine, and the other a commission-merchant and ship-owner.

But of late there had been more than one stormy scene between Tyndale and his uncle about money matters, and regarding the fast life of the young man, always ending by a threat upon the old man's part of cutting Ambrose off without a penny, and leaving all to Arthur and Helen. That night Tyndale had accompanied Helen to a ball, and when she had felt ill, he was not to be found, and the young girl returned home alone,



discovering the fearful crime of her cousin as detailed.

Helen started in her chair as the door swung open, revealing the forms of two men, masked and covered from head to foot with heavy gowns of a somber black. The door was closed and locked, when the men approached the trembling girl, who shrunk back to the opposite end of the room.

"You need not be alarmed, lady," said one of the intruders, in a deep, hoarse voice, "for nothing shall harm you if you are reasonable. Come and sit down."

Helen obeyed the command mechanically, and then he resumed:

"You can not but know why you were brought here, so we will come at once to the point. You hold the life of your cousin, one of our league, in your hands, and you will be kept a prisoner until you have cleared him of all danger. If you do what we wish, you will be set free, but unless—"

and pausing, he pointed significantly to the coffin behind her; "but unless you do, that will be your doom!"

Helen shuddered, but did not reply, and the two men drew aside and consulted in low tones for some moments. Then the man resumed:

"Now I will dictate to you, and you must transcribe my words without reservation. Here is pen and ink—begin," and he handed the implements to Helen, whose trembling fingers closed over them. "Remember that it is your only hope of safety, for we will not be trifled with. Now write—"

"NEW ORLEANS, NOVEMBER 4th, 185—"
"I, Helen Marlowe, solemnly swear that the following is the truth, as I hope for mercy hereafter. Returning home unexpectedly from a ball, I saw my uncle, Roger Soane, murdered by being stabbed by a knife in the hands of my cousin, Arthur Moore."

"It is false—I can not—I will not write it!" gasped the girl, as the pen dropped from her fingers at this name.

"You must, or your fate is sealed. It is either your life or his," sternly said the masked figure. "Picture the most horrible death that your mind can imagine, and then it will fall far short of the reality, unless you comply."

Helen was but a weak, timid girl, and life seemed doubly dear to her now that death appeared so nigh; while her will was broken by the terrible sight she had witnessed so lately, so she slowly traced the words, and he continued:

"Although I have loved him dearly, I abhor his crime still more, and in justice I write this. I shall fly far from here, before day, for I could not bear verbal witness against him."

"HELEN MARLOWE."

Closely scanning this precious document, the spokesman handed it to his silent companion, who folded it and thrust it within his breast. Then the first one produced another paper and placed it before Helen, bidding her peruse it carefully. It was an oath binding her not to reveal what had that night happened to, and been witnessed by her, couched in terms well calculated to terrify and impress the agitated mind of a weak woman, though savoring somewhat of the bombastic.

"Must I sign this?"

"Yes, but hold; ink will not answer; you must sign it with your blood," said the mask, in a deep tone. "Hold out your arm," he added, and as the terrified girl obeyed, he pricked the smooth, fair skin until the ruby blood slowly oozed forth.

Catching a drop of this upon the pen, the man handed it to her, and then the second paper was signed. Securing this also, the silent figure then threw off his mask and the hood of his gown, revealing the handsome but fiendish face of Tyndale.

"You here!" faltered Helen, shrinking back.

"Yes, and now, to drop all this mummer, fair cousin, I will tell you the plain truth so that you may know how you stand. With this paper, I will accuse Arthur, and get him put out of the way, while I hold you a prisoner here, lest your soft heart should be moved by his baby-face into telling all you know, in spite of your oath. Then I will see how the old man's will stands. If it is in my favor I will ship you abroad until I can convert it into ready money; but if it favors you too much, then you must make up your mind to one of two things: either to marry me, or to be put out of the way altogether. I need the money, and must have it at any cost. I could not hesitate now, even if I would, and you know that I will keep my word."

"I would die sooner than to marry you!" cried Helen, shudderingly.

"Very well; you will have ample time to decide. I shall not have time to visit you again until it is all arranged with him; then will come your turn," and then the two men left the room, locking the door behind them.

The hours passed drearily enough to Helen, and at first she sat as in a horrible trance, bewildered by the terrible events that had crowded upon her. But, then fear lent strength and she closely examined the room upon all sides. There were no traces of windows, or of other outlet save the one door. Then wrapping the cloak around her chilled frame, the girl crouched down against the wall opposite the door.

After what seemed an age this opened, and a tray containing food was pushed into the room, and then the door quickly closed. Faint as she was, Helen could not bring herself to touch the food, for, with the coffin before her, it seemed as though she was in the presence of the dead. After a long interval the negro again appeared, this time entering; and, seeing that the food and wine had been untouched, drank the wine with a chuckle of delight, but paid no attention to the prayer and pleading of Helen to aid her escape.

Worn out by fatigue and despair she at length fell asleep, and only awoke when the door was once more opened. A different negro appeared, and Helen uttered a cry of joy as she recognized an old woman who had formerly belonged to her uncle.

"Don't be skeered, honey, chile, it's on'y jes' Nancy; don't you member?"

"Oh, Nancy, for God's sake, help me to escape!"

"Deed I jes' will, missee, 'cause I hain't done forgot how you begged me marse not to sell me when he caught me stealin', dat time. I'll help ye if I die fer it. Deed I will, now! Now den, you jes' take an' drink dis yere an' eat a snack; you looks like a ghos'."

"Ye see, my marse owns dis yere house, an' oh, Lor! de way dey carries on is a sin! Well, I knowed dey had come on yere, but 'Lize she war green an' wouldn't tell; but den she 'peared like she war drunk, an' tole me who you war. I jist drapped a little lodum in her tea, an' yere I is."

"But can you help me to escape?"

"Deed I kin. 'Lize an' me is all alone,

to-night, an' she's fas' asleep. Come now, le's go," and in a few moments more they were out in the street, and walking rapidly toward the house of Lawyer Stone, an old friend whom Helen knew she could trust.

He was at home, and greatly astonished at her story, as Arthur Moore had been arrested upon the charge written by her. Helen put her case in the lawyer's hands, and he caused the arrest of Tyndale that same night. The villain was terribly surprised, for he knew nothing of his prisoner's escape, and was left in the dark as to who was his accuser.

The lawyer called upon the owner of Nancy, and, by threatening him with arrest, compelled him to make over a bill of sale of the slave, whose evidence was needed to substantiate Helen's story.

The forced accusation was offset by another charging Tyndale, Helen swearing that she had been forced to write it to save her life. When the trial came off, Arthur Moore was acquitted, and Ambrose Tyndale placed in his stead. He saw that there was no hope of escape, and pleaded guilty, by his lawyer's advice. But it did not save him from the death-sentence.

When Roger Soane's will was read, it was found that the old man had left his wealth equally between Helen and Arthur; and, now that he was rendered independent, Moore avowed the love he had long felt for his cousin, and, one year after the tragedy, they were married. Feeling a natural repugnance to living in the city where they had suffered so much and undergone such trials, they removed to a Northern city, accompanied by the now reformed Nancy, where they still reside.

Camp-Fire Yarns.

Old Grizzly Adams' "Nephey."

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"Grizzly Adams, by the everlastin' catamount! Whoop! Hoorsy! Ef we don't give these Pawnees a leetle h— now, why I'm a nigger!" and Rube Harkins jumped upon one of the rocks behind which we were making a stand against a war-party of Pawnees, and waved his old leather cap excitedly over his head. The Indians had fallen back for the third time, after a charge of



THE SCARLET SECRET.

more than usual ferocity, and were busily getting ready for their next onslaught, when a rapid discharge of firearms in a narrow belt of timber upon our right was heard, together with the wild, exultant yell such as only a mountain-man can give.

Every one was instantly on the alert, and every eye was turned in the direction, when, suddenly, from out the timber two horsemen burst like a thunderbolt, and, firing rapidly right and left, rode at a sweeping gallop straight for our position.

A single glance from the keen eye of old Rube was sufficient, and was followed by the joyful exclamation "Grizzly Adams! by the everlastin' catamount!" and then from every throat there went up a ringing shout of welcome to the bravest heart, the stoutest arm, and the quickest eye upon the border. Slightly in advance of his companion, and mounted upon a superb black of unusual power and spirit, rode the celebrated scout and hunter Grizzly Adams, his tall form erect and graceful in the saddle, his long, flowing beard and hair streaming out upon the wind, his left hand lightly pressing the bit, while the right extended at full length was busily handling his six-shooter.

His companion was a much younger man, indeed he appeared to have scarcely passed the threshold of manhood, but still he was but little, if any, the inferior of the other as regards personal appearance. Fully as powerfully made, though somewhat lighter of limb, every movement betraying activity and strength, bestriding his fiery steed with the ease and grace of an accomplished horseman, he presented an appearance that could not fail to please the eye, and, at the same time, inspire confidence.

"That's a hull team an' a brindle bull-dog under the wagin!" exclaimed Rube, as he leaped down from his exposed position. "Whoever's a pardner uv Grizzly Adams an' bound to be a screamer in a scrimmage, an' ef my eye ain't a-foolin' me, that yander youngster is jist that thing. Look at him, boyes, an' Lordy! see the hoss!" As Rube spoke the two men dashed round the barrier, and, with scarcely a perceptible motion, threw their horses back upon their haunches, and sprung lightly to the ground.

Old Rube Harkins seemed beside himself with joy.

He rushed forward and grasped the scout's hand with greater warmth than I had ever seen him display.

"Wall! wall!" he exclaimed, "who'd a thort it! why, Grizzly, old hoss, whar the blazes did yer cum from enny how?"

"Lower kentry, Rube. But how's this?

what deviltry ar' these long-legged Pawnee imps arter?" replied the stalwart hunter, cordially returning the greeting. "Looks kinder squally," he continued, "but I reckon me an' Bruin, hyar, cut ther count summat. Eh, boy?"

The young man who had been standing quietly by, leaning upon a long, heavy rifle, looked up with a smile and replied:

"I think we hurt some of them pretty badly, at least you did, for I saw three of them go down under your fire."

"Allers the way with the lad, Rube," said Grizzly, with a low chuckle. "The boy don't never blow much, you see, 'bout what he does hisself, lays it onto me, you know, but yer kin bet high that he didn't waste no powder in the timber wader."

"Who ar' the youngster, Grizzly?" asked Rube, in a low tone as the young man turned away.

"Wall, Rube, yer mout say he war a chip uv the old block, but he ain't edackly, though durn my moccasins ef I don't wish he war. He ar' my nephy, Rube, kim out frum ther states to larn the ways, an' he's a-larnin' 'em now I tell you. Jest wait a bit an' mebbe you'll hev a chance to see fer yerself ef he ain't wuss'n a hull nest o' painters, an' a sprinklin' uv wild cats in ther bar."

"Hyar they come!" shouted one of the fellows, who had been on the look-out.

I chanced to be looking at the young stranger at the moment the alarm was given, and the rapid change from an attitude of perfect repose to one full of life, fire and eager anticipation was absolutely startling.

The clear, gray eye flashed, the thin, wide nostril dilated, and the broad chest heaved under the excitement of anticipated action.

Swinging the heavy rifle, one that an ordinary man could scarcely bring to the shoulder, into the hollow of his left arm, he sprung quickly forward, at a bound mounted the natural breast-work, and looked out over the plain.

The whole thing was so quickly, so naturally, and, withal, so fearlessly done, that a suppressed murmur of admiration ran around the men, all of whom had been used to such scenes for years.

"What ar' it, Bruin?" quietly asked Old Grizzly.

"They are preparing for a charge, and I think they have just been reinforced. See the reply, as he shaded his brow with open palm and continued to inspect the enemies' lines."

"More on 'em, eh? well thar onny be the more of 'em ter nib out, an' skulp arter the

by preconcerted action, old Grizzly Adams had taken the right flank.

Coolly, and with fatal precision, the young man delivered his fire, and then drawing his heavy six-shooter in his right, and holding a long, keen blade in his left, he awaited the nearer shock.

With a yell the Pawnees dashed themselves against the rocky barrier, while others, seeking to turn our flanks, endeavored to pass around upon either end.

Far better had they attempted to scale the rock, for there they met obstacles ten times more difficult to pass.

Like a lion loosed, "Bruin" Adams raged among his dusky foes.

In front and upon either side they pressed him, cutting, thrusting, hacking, with knife, lance and tomahawk, but in vain.

Chamber after chamber he emptied full in their faces, and then, when the weapon was useless, he threw it behind him, and, suddenly shifting the knife to his right hand, he sprung into the midst of the bewildered savages.

At the opposite end, where Grizzly Adams and Old Rube were fighting, side by side, the Indians suffered even more. With them it was but a holiday pastime.

When the young hunter closed in for knife work, I saw the odds were too great, even for him, and leaving my position, I crossed over and took position by his side. Here I had a still better opportunity of watching the young fellow's wonderful nerve and strength.

Wherever his blade fell, muscle, cartilage and bone gave way under the powerful stroke.

Every now and then the deep, full voice of old Grizzly Adams rose above the din of conflict.

"Now's yer time to larn, lad! Into 'em hot and heavy!"

A quiet smile flitted for an instant over the young man's face, to give place a moment after to the stern, set look of battle.

It was utterly impossible for the Indians to long stand such work.

With yells of terror and defeat they broke and fled across the open.

But even here the avenging hand was upon them.

As the savages broke, "Bruin" Adams uttered a shrill, peculiar call, to which the neigh of a horse responded, and instantly the roan was at his side.

To get to the saddle, gather up the reins, and leap over the rocks was but the work of a single moment, and before the fleeing

savages were half-way across the open, the fiery steed and his fearless rider were among them, the latter wielding, with deadly effect, a tomahawk he had snatched from the ground.

"Good Lordy! Look at the boyce!" yelled Rube, wild with excitement, and again springing upon the rocks to obtain a little view.

"He ar' a screamer, Rube, hain't he?" asked old Grizzly.

The scene upon the plain was indeed a striking one. Both horse and rider seemed actuated by a mad desire to slay.

The roan bit fiercely, and lashed out with her heels whenever opportunity offered, and more than one red-skin was hurled, crushed and mangled to the earth.

It will be remembered that all this took but a moment of time.

For a few seconds the men stood and gazed in open admiration, and then with a wild yell they leaped the rocks and rushed to his assistance.

We had almost reached the scene of action, when the chief was seen to rush forward upon the hard-pressed man, tomahawk in hand.

The young hunter saw him likewise, and suddenly wheeling the roan, he rode full at the chief, swinging his tomahawk in circles preparatory to the cast.

The eye of the Indian measured the distance, and he threw his weapon with fearful force, but he, too, was a moment late. The light ax left the hand of the white man a second the soonest, whirling through the air like a flash of light, and striking the hapless warrior full between the eyes.

This ended the conflict.

"Young feller," said Rube, grasping the young hunter's hand in his own horny palm, "I'm durnation proud ter know you, I am, to a sartinty. Grizzly hyar tells me as how ye ar' his nephy, an' I b'leeve him, an' ef ye hain't a chip offen the old block hyar, why yer next thing to it, ef yer ain't, I'm a nigger."

ALBERT W. AIKEN'S NEW ROMANCE

THE WHITE WITCH.

To commence in an early number of this paper, will draw into the foreground a strange, fascinating woman of "our best society," whose wiles and witchery are the warp and woof of a drama, remarkably entrancing to the lovers of love and passion romance. Mr. Aiken writes: "IT IS THE BEST STORY I HAVE EVER WRITTEN"—which is saying much, but whatever he says may be depended upon.

THE SEXTON'S REVERIE.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

Oh, in this cold, unfeeling world
Which we are wand'ring through,
How many are the cold and proud,
The loving ones how few?
And what a blessed thing it is,
And how it cheers us up,
To see a fellow lavish all
His love upon a pup!

If I but owned a yaller dog
How happy I would be;
I'd ornament his tail with flags,
Which would be nice to see.
I'd buy a collar made of brass,
And polish from the same cap,
And on it I would have engraved
The letters of my name.

His ears I would illustrate with
Red ribbons and all those,
And buy a brush to clean his teeth,
A kerchief for his nose,
I'd often sit me down and twist
His hair in curls, curls,
And have his blanket covered with
Designs of various hues.

He'd have a chair beside my own
And eat along with me,
And I would not get mad at him,
For we would well agree.
From one plate we would always eat,
And drink from the same cup,
And nothing would be sweeter than
That pretty little pup.

But oh, I have no yaller cur,
Which puts me out quite much!
I've hunted all around, but I
Can find no pup of such,
And so I sit here by myself,
And therefore quite alone,
Reflecting on that dainty pup
Which I shall never own.

Beat Time's Notes.

A RACE ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

THE steamers Owl and Snail hauled in their planks and left the little port of Quack at the same time, bound for St. Louis. The captain of the Owl, which steamer we were on, swore in plain, unvarnished English that before the Snail should take the lead, he'd burst his boiler—meaning, of course, the boat's. He was a very sensitive man, and when he gave directions to put in the pitch, and to set all the tea-kettles on the stove to crowd steam, saying it was his duty to beat that tub, and what was his duty he would do, even though it should put his passengers to some inconvenience, and probably prevent them from languishing out their lives on beds of lingering pain—I say when he said all this so feelingly I felt my heart crowding all the steam possible, and threatening to burst her boiler.

We kept pretty even at the start, doing good time, for both boats were stern-wheelers, each having at the rear an old-fashioned over-shot water-wheel, somewhat larger than the boat, and looking for all the world as if it was trying to roll over the boat and mash it flat. Neither of the boats were very staunch, both would have fallen to pieces if they had been out of water, which was the only thing that held them together.

By and by we began to fall back; then the bacon we expected for dinner was ordered to be put into the furnaces, and the passengers were directed to go to the hurricane-roof to lighten the boat, and to pull at any thing they could get their hands on, which was done, and the Owl got ahead one inch and three-quarters in seven miles. Then was it the captain of the Snail who made a feat of throwing us a hawser, which so enraged our captain that he started to get his rifle, but got no further than the bar. The engines were reversed and started ahead at the rate of fifty revolutions in the art of engineering a second, and with such speed! Both boats went so fast that there were two perfectly dry lanes in the rear of each, running back for miles on miles, for the very water was so much astonished that it didn't close up for two days afterward. Away we went; both boats abreast and then both behind; and when they were ahead we were in the rear, and when we were ahead they were in the rear, strange to say. Away we went over sand-bars, over snags, around bends, against up-steamer, over down-steamer like a hurricane; the passengers out of their minds—their debts were, too—the engineers in the yaws, and the captains on deck, shaking their fists at each other.

Here we ran under an overhanging tree and took off a chimney; there we ran into another and took off the other chimney. I expected we would soon run into another tree and take them both back again, like the gentleman that jumped into the bramble bush, so tenderly sung by Tupper; but we didn't. Then a long snag came through and smashed the bar, which was the worst loss we had to bear. Then the two boats balanced to partners and bumped off a large portion of both hulls. There went a man overboard, and here went another: then the pilot-house went off, we went so fast; then both boats kept ahead in the most aggravating manner.

The only little circumstance worthy of note that occurred to break the monotony of this moral and exciting race was the simultaneous blowing up of both boats—one of those mysterious operations of Providence which always will happen in spite of steamboat captains. We all went up generally. The captains of the two boats were very close together in this flight, but when we had turned to descend, our captain told the other that he was entitled to the race, because he had been up three feet higher than he had. The lie was given and received, and I observed those two old salts pummeling and gouging each other all the way down.

The race was afterward submitted to a coroner's jury, who decided that one captain was entitled to all the honors, inasmuch as he had the most names to his paper—though the names had no bodies to them any more.

The newspapers fully justified both captains and passengers: the former were presented with gold medals, and those who remained of the latter were presented with some old clothes, of which one suit was divided among four. I got the rim of an old straw hat to keep me warm. As I had an Accident ticket, I escaped injury.